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Section

WIATT's
IMPARTIAL SELECTION
OF
HYMNS
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS,
FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,
ON A VARIETY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING
SUBJECTS,
INCLUDING A NUMBER NEVER BEFORE
PUBLISHED.
Designed for the
SOCIAL AND PUBLIC WORSHIP OF GOD, AMONG
ALL CLASSES OF CHRISTIANS.

Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice; and let men say among the nations, The Lord reigneth. 1 Chron. xvi. 31.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him all ye people.

Psa. cxvii. 1.

PHILADELPHIA:

Printed for and Published by
S. WIATT,

Bookseller and Bookbinder, No. 368, North Second Street.

A. Dickinson, Printer.

1809.

District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

L. S. ***** BE IT REMEMBERED,

That on the tenth day of April, in the
thirty-third year of the Independence
of the United States of America, A. D.
1809.

SOLOMON WIATT,

of the said District, hath deposited in this Office, the
title of a Book the right whereof he claims as Pro-
prietor in the Words following, to wit:

*"Wiatt's impartial selection of Hymns and Spi-
ritual Songs, from various authors, on a variety of
useful and entertaining subjects, including a num-
ber never before published. Designed for the so-
cial and public worship of God, among all classes
of Christians."*

*"Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth re-
joice; and let men say among the nations, The
Lord reigneth.* 1 Chron. xvi. 31.

*"O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him
all ye people.* Psa. cxvii. 1."

In Conformity to the Act of Congress of the
United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encour-
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mentioned." And also to the Act, entitled "An Act
supplementary to an Act, entitled, "An Act for the
Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies
of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and
Proprietors of such Copies, during the Times therein-
mentioned," and extending the Benefits thereof to
the Arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical
and other Prints."

D CALDWELL,
Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

I.

The foolish Virgins.

- 1 WHEN descending from the sky,
The bridegroom shall appear ;
And the solemn midnight cry,
Shall call professors near ;
How the sound our hearts will damp !
How will shame o'erspread each face ;
If we only have a lamp,
Without the oil of grace.
- 2 Foolish virgins then will wake,
And seek for a supply ;
But in vain the puns they take,
To borrow or to buy :
Then with those they now despise,
Earnestly they wish to share ;
But the best among the wise,
Will have no oil to spare.
- 3 Wise are they and truly blest,
Who then shall ready be :
But despair will seize the rest,
And dreadful misery :

Once, they'll cry, we scorn'd to doubt,
 Though in lies our trust we put ;
 Now our lamp of hope is out,
 The door of mercy's shut.

4 If they then presume to plead,
 " Lord open to us now ;
 We on earth have heard and pray'd,
 And with thy saints did vow :"
 He will answer from his throne,
 " Though you with my people mix'd,
 Yet to me you ne'er were known,
 Depart your doom is fix'd."

5 O that none who worship here,
 May hear the word depart :
 Lord, impress a godly fear,
 On each professor's heart :
 Help us Lord, to search the camp,
 Let us not ourselves beguile ;
 Trusting to a dying lamp,
 Without a stock of oil.

II.

Christ the Ark of Safety.

1 SEE the gloomy gathering cloud,
 Hanging o'er a sinful land !
 Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,
 Times of trouble are at hand :
 Happy they who love his name,
 They shall always find him near ;

Though the earth were wrapt in flame
They have no just cause for fear.

2 Hark! his voice in accents mild,
Oh, how comforting and sweet
Speaks to every humble child,
Pointing out a sure retreat:
Come and in my chambers hide,
To my saints of old well known;
There you safely may abide,
Till the storm be overblown.

3 You have only to repose,
On my wisdom, love and care;
When my wrath consumes my foes,
Mercy shall my children spare:
While they perish in the flood,
You that bear my holy mark;
Sprinkled with aoring blood,
Shall be safe within the ark.

4 Sinners, see the ark prepar'd,
Haste to enter while there's room;
Though the Lord his arm has bar'd,
Mercy still retards your doom:
Seek him while there yet is hope,
E'er the day of grace is past;
Lest in wrath he give you up,
And this call shall be your last.

III.

The Christian's spiritual Voyage.

- 1 JESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep ;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep.
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise ;
 My compass is thy word :
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord !
 I'll trust thy faithfulness and power,
 To save me in the dying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
 Through all my passage lie ;
 Yet Christ will safely keep,
 And guide me with his eye :
 My anchor hope shall firm abide,
 And ev'ry boist'reous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest :
 My soul thy sails expand,
 And sail to Jesus' breast ;
 O may I reach the heavenly shore,
 Where winds and waves disturb no more !

- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And stormis forbear to toss ;
 Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
 Lest I should suffer loss :
 For more the treacherous calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

- 6 Come, Holy Ghost and blow,
 A prosperous gale of grace,
 Waft me from all below,
 To heav'n my destin'd place !
 Then in full sail my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

IV.

Jesus, the Soul of Music.

- 1 LISTED into the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil ?
 Music alas ! too long has been,
 Press'd to obey the devil.
 Drunken, or lewd, or light they lay,
 Flows to souls undoing :
 Widens and strews with flow'rs the way,
 Down to eternal ruin.

- 2 Whe on the part of God will rise ?
 Innocent mirth recover ?
 Fly on the prey and take the prize,
 Plunder the carnal lover ?
 Strip him of every moving strain,
 Ev'ry melting measure,

Music in virtue's cause retain,
Revive the holy pleasure.

3 Come let us try if Jesus' love
Cannot as well inspire us ;
This is the theme of them above,
This upon earth will fire us ;
Try if you hearts are tun'd to sing,
Is there a subject greater,
Melody all its strains may bring,
Jesus' love is sweeter.

4 Jesus the soul of music is,
He is the noblest passion ;
Jesus' name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation :
Jesus' name the dead can raise,
Shew us our sins forgiven ;
Fill us with all the life of grace,
And carry us to heaven.

5 Who hath a right like us to sing,
Us who his mercy raises ?
Merry our hearts for Christ is king,
Joyful are all our faces.
Who of his love doth once partake,
He in the Lord rejoices ;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry ;
Let him sing psalms the spirit saith,
Joyfully and ne'er be weary ;

Offer the sacrifice of praise,
 Hearty and never ceasing;
 Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
 Worship and thanks and blessing.

- 7 Come let us in his praises join,
 Triumph in his salvation;
 Glory aspire to love divine,
 Worship and adoration;
 Heaven already is begun,
 Open'd in each believer;
 Only believe and then sing on,
 Heaven is yours for ever.

V.

Triumph over death.

- 1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,
 The soul that's fill'd with joy and peace;
 That bears the fruits of righteousness,
 And kept by Jesu's power,
 Their trespasses are all forgiv'n,
 They antedate the joys of heav'n,
 In rapturous lays,
 Shout the praise,
 Of Jesus grace,
 To a lost race :
 Of sinners, brought to happiness,
 Through the atoning blood of Jesus.

- 2 Satan may tempt, and hell may rage,
 And all the powers of earth besiege ;

Their united strength at once engage,
To pluck a soul from Jesus.

The faithful soul laughs them to scorn,
He's heaven bound, he's heaven born,
He'll watch and pray,
Night and day,
Fight his way,
Win the day,

And all his enemies dismay,
Through the mighty name of Jesus.

3 O monster, death, thy sting is drawn,
O boasting grave, no trophies won,
The saints triumph through grace alone,
To praise the name of Jesus.

At length he bids the world adieu,
With all its vanity and shew:

The soul it flies,
Through the skies,
To paradise,
And joins its voice,

In rapturous lays of love, to praise
The glorious name of Jesus.

4 When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,
And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,
And swears that time is at an end,
Ye dead arise to judgment.

See lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
This earth wrapt like a parchment scroll,
Comets blaze,
Sinners raise,

Dread amaze,
And horrors seize,
The guilty sons of Adam's race,
Unsav'd from sin by Jesus.

- 5 The christian fill'd with rapturous joy,
Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high,
To meet his Saviour in the sky,
And see the face of Jesus.
The soul and body re-unite,
And fill'd with glory infinite.
Blessed day,
Christians say,
Will you pray,
That we may
All join that happy company,
To praise the name of Jesus.

VI.

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 **H**AIL the gospel jubilee,
Jesus comes to set us free,
Who for us shed his precious blood,
To raise our fallen souls to God.
And since the work of suffering's done,
We'll glory give to God alone.
Free salvation be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let our praises reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us be,
 In the bonds of charity ;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Loving God and all mankind.

2 Rise ye heralds of the Lord,
 Take the breast-plate, shield and sword,
 Against the hosts of hell proclaim
 A war in Christ's all conquering name.
 Nor fear to gain the victory,
 When for this glorious liberty,
 You on Jesus Christ depend,
 He'll the suffering cause defend,
 Place, Oh place in him your trust,
 He's almighty wise, and just.

CHORUS.

Firm united brethren stand,
 Firm and undivided band ;
 Brethren dear in Jesus join'd,
 Fill'd with all his constant mind.

3 Sound the gospel trumpet sound,
 Through the earth's remotest bound ;
 Let Jesus' name with loud applause,
 Ring through the world his righteous laws.
 He gives, and rules in mercy mild,
 Believe and be ye reconcil'd,
 'To a God of truth and love,
 Sending blessings from above,
 Now is the accepted time,
 Listen every joyful clime.

CHORUS.

Hail the gospel jubilee,
 Jesus comes to set us free,
 He is come no more to bleed,
 Free we shall then be indeed.

- 4 Now the Sovereign of the sky,
 Comes, the troops of hell must fly,
 He is the rock of ages sure,
 And all who to the end endure,
 A glorious crown of righteousness
 Shall wear in realms of endless bliss.

There with blood-wash'd throngs above,
 Wondering at redeeming love :
 Evermore will shout and sing,
 Heaven's palace loud shall ring.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us go,
 On in Jesus' steps below,
 As a band of brothers join,
 And eternal glory find.

VII.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame,
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 O the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

2 Hark ! they whisper, angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away ;
 What is this absorbs me quite !
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
 Tell me my soul, can this be death ?

3 The world recedes, it disappears,
 Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears,
 With sounds seraphic rings :
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,
 O grave where is thy victory.
 O death where is thy sting !

VIII.

The glory of Jesus.

1 BURST ye em'rald gates and bring
 To my raptur'd vision,
 All the exstatic joys, that spring
 Round the bright elision ;
 Lo we lift our ravish'd eyes,
 Break ye intervening skies ;
 Sun of righteousness arise,
 Open the gates of Paradise !

2 Floods of everlasting light,
 Freely flash before him ;
 Myriads with divine delight,
 Instantly adore him ;
 Angels trumps resound his fame,
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,

All the music of his name ;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise,
From their princely station ;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation ;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy ! holy ! holy One.

4 Hark the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, methinks, to seize us—
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus—Jesus—Jesus !!
Sweetest sound in Seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue ;
Sweetest coral ever sung—
Jesus—Jesus, flow along.

IX.

Lo, He cometh.

1 **L**O ! he cometh ! countless trumpets
Blow, to raise the sleeping dead ;
Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted head.
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome Son of God.

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
 Through h' eternal deep resounds ;
 Now resplendent shine his nail prints,
 Every eye shall see his wounds :
 They who pierc'd him
 Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
 Saints behold the Judge appear :
 Truth and justice go before him,
 Now the joyful sentence hear.
 Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome Judge divine.

4 " Come ye blessed of my Father,
 " Enter into life and joy ;
 " Banish all your fears and sorrows,
 Endless praise be your employ."
 Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome to the skies.

5 Now at once they rise to glory,
 Jesus brings them to the king ;
 There with all the hosts of heaven,
 They eternal anthems sing.
 Hallelujah,
 Boundless glory to the Lamb.

X.

Welcome Cross.

1 **T**IS my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross ;

But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.

Trials must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds,
Of afflictions, pain and toil ;
These spring up and choak the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil :
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials brings new life to pray'r,
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way ;
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a cast-away :
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight :
But the true born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.

XI.

Why should I Complain.

- 1 WHEN my Saviour, my Shepherd is near,
How quickly my sorrows depart !

New beauties around me appear,
New spirits enliven my heart ;
His presence gives peace to my soul,
And Satan assaults me in vain ;
While my Shepherd his power controuls,
I think I no more shall complain.

2 But alas ! what a change do I find,
When my Shepherd withdraws from my sight !
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is soon chang'd into night :
Then Satan his efforts renews,
To vex and ensnare me again ;
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
And can only lament and complain.

3 By these changes I often pass through,
I am taught my own weakness to know ;
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,
And how much to his mercy I owe :
It is he that supports me through all,
When I faint, he revives me again ;
He attends to my pray'r when I call,
And bids me no longer complain.

4 Wherefore then should I murmur and grieve,
Since my Shepherd is always the same ;
And has promis'd he never will leave
The soul that confides in his name :
To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffeted, tempted and slain ;
And at length he will surely appear,
Though he leaves me awhile to complain.

5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
 Can I hope to be always in peace,
 'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,
 And that shortly this warfare will cease ;
 For e'er long he will bid me remove
 From this region of sorrow and pain ;
 To abide in his presence above,
 And then I no more shall complain.

XII.

Hear what He has done for my Soul.

1 SAV'D by grace I live to tell,
 What the love of Christ has done :
 He redeem'd my soul from hell,
 Of a rebel made a son :
 Oh ! I tremble still to think
 How secure I liv'd in sin ;
 Sporting on destruction's brink,
 Yet preserv'd from falling in.

2 In a kind propitious hour,
 To my heart the Saviour spoke ;
 Touch'd me by his spirit's pow'r,
 And my dang'reous slumber broke,
 Then I saw and own'd my guilt,
 Soon my gracious Lord reply'd :
 " Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
 'Twas for such as thee I dy'd."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
 All at once possessed my heart ;
 Can I hope thy grace to prove,
 After acting such a part ?
 “ Thou hast greatly sinn’d, he said,
 But I freely all forgive ;
 I myself thy debt have paid,
 Now I bid thee rise and live.”

4 Come my fellow sinners, try,
 Jesus’ heart is full of love ;
 Oh that you as well as I,
 May nis wond’rous mercy prove !
 He has sent me to declare,
 All is ready, all is free ;
 Why should any soul despair,
 When he sav’d a wretch like me.

XIII.

The Voice of free Grace.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, escape to the
 mountain,
 For Adam’s lost race, Christ has open’d a fountain,
 For sin and transgression, and every pollution,
 His blood it flows freely in plenteous redemption.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath purchas’d our
 pardon,
 We’ll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 That fountain so clear, in which all may find pardon;
 From Jesus' side flows plenteous redemption :
 'Though your sins were increased as high as a mountain,
 His blood it flows freely in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 O ! Jesus ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
 O'er sin, death and hell, thou wilt make us victorious ;
 Thy name shall be praised in the great congrega-
 tion,
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands we'll praise him ever-
 more :
 We'll range the blest fields on the bank of the river,
 And sing hallelujah for ever and ever.
 Hallelujah, &c.

XIV.

The Christian Traveller.

1 COME all ye Zion travellers,
 Come let us join and sing,

The everlasting praises,
Of Jesus Christ our king ;
We've had a tedious journey,
And difficult, 'tis true,
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the dangers
Of falling into sin ;
The world, the flesh, and satan
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do reject them
By faith and humble pray'r.

3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We have had long to wander
Through a dark wilderness,
Where we might long have fainted,
On that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster,
Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan,
Give life and joy and peace,
Revive our drooping spirits,
And love and strength increase,
To confess our Lord and Master,
And run at his command,

And hasten on our journey,
Home to the promis'd land.

5 In faith and hope and patience,
We're made for to rejoice,
And Jesus and his people,
For ever are our choice :
In peace and consolation,
We now are going on,
The pleasant way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone.

6 Sinners why stand you idle,
While we do march along ?
Has conscience never told you,
That you were going wrong ;
Down the broad road to darkness,
To bear an endless curse,
Forsake your ways of sinning,
And come along with us.

7 But if you will refuse it,
We bid you all farewell,
We're on the road to Canaan,
And you the road to hell :
We're sorry for to leave you,
We'd rather you would go,
Come try your bleeding Saviour
And feel salvation flow.

8 O ! sinners be alarmed,
To hear your dismal state ;
Repent and be converted,
Before it is too late :

Turn to the Lord by praying,
 And daily search his word,
 And never rest contented,
 Till you have found the Lord.

9 Now to the King immortal
 Give everlasting praise,
 All in his holy service,
 We wish to spend our days:
 'Till we arrive at Canaan,
 That happy world above,
 In everlasting praises,
 To sing redeeming love.

XV.

Salvation to our King.

1 COME all ye mourning pilgrims now,
 The joyful news I'll tell;
 The Lord hath sent salvation down,
 To save our souls from hell:
 The angels brought the tidings down,
 To shepherd Is in the field;
 That God to man is reconcil'd,
 His Son to men reveal'd.

CHORUS.

Sing glory, honour, to the Lord,
 Salvation to our King,
 Let all that's wash'd in Jesu's blood,
 His glorious praises sing.

2 Come all ye poor despised souls,
 Unto his fold repair ;
 Where God his boundless love unfolds,
 And says he'll meet you there.
 His glorious presence fills our souls,
 With songs of loudest praise ;
 Let all that want a Saviour dear,
 Their hearts and voices raise.

CHORUS.

Sing glory, &c.

3 There's glory, glory in my soul,
 It came from heaven above ;
 Which makes me praise my God so bold,
 And his dear children love.
 I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
 I love his ways so well ;
 Because his precious blood was spilt,
 To save my soul from hell.
 Sing glory, &c.

4 When weeping Mary came to seek,
 Her Lord with a perfume ;
 The wrapper and the sheet she found,
 Together in the tomb.
 The angel said he is not here,
 He's risen from the dead ;
 And streams of grace to sinners flow,
 As free as did his blood.

CHORUS.

Sing glory, honour, to our God,
 He's now upon his throne ;
 And bringing foreign strangers home,
 And claims them for his own.

XVI.

The Lord reigneth.

- 1 **H**ARK my soul the trumpet's sounding,
Christ the awful Judge is come;
Now arise, shake off thy slumber,
Angels wait to make the room,
Thou art welcome,
To thy everlasting home.
- 2 See the ransom'd throng ascending
Swift towards their Zion move;
Through the skies their courses bending,
"Till they take their seats above:
There to worship,
And adore the God of love.
- 3 On thy great white throne of glory,
O thou everlasting king;
There the angels fall before thee,
And the saints due praises sing;
Thou art worthy
O thou Lamb for sinners slain.
- 4 By thy groaning and thy bleeding,
Thou didst thy apparel stain;
Groaning, dying, interceding,
For the helpless race of man:
Now triumphant,
King of kings for ever reign.

5 With thy sword and bloody vesture,
Now thine enemies subdue ;
Now the stubborn nations conquer,
Oh, thou righteous, just and true ;
King eternal,
Conquer now thine every foe.

6 In the skies the awful token,
Of thy coming does appear ;
Nature's all confus'd and broken,
Rocks and mountains hurled are :
In whose ruins,
Now these rebels quake and fear.

7 In thy robes of veng'ance flaming,
With the armies of the skies ;
Turning in the ruins burning,
Light'ning from thy presence flies ;
In thy fury,
Conquering thy last enemies.

8 Shock'd by thy tremendous thunder,
Lo we tremble and behold ;
Rocks and hills are cleav'd asunder,
Elements in flames are roll'd :
Like a vesture,
Thou dost all the heavens fold.

9 Now the tribes of earth with mourning,
Stand to hear their final doom ;
Down from where there's no returning,
Down to that internal gloom :

They are banish'd,
Never more from thence to come.

10 Then with joy and admiration,
Shall the followers of the Lamb,
Shout all honour and salvation ;
To the dear Redeemer's name :
They shall praise him,
Who through tribulation came.

XVII.

The Jubilee.

1 HARK ! the jubilee is sounding,
The joyful news is come ;
Free salvation is proclaimed,
In and through God's only son.
Now we have an invitation,
To the meek and lowly Lamb ;
Glory, honour, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Come dear friends and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime ;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time :
Now the Saviour is beginning,
To revive his work again.
Glory, &c. &c. &c.

3 Now let each one cease from ceasing,
 Come and follow Christ the way ;
 We shall all receive a blessing,
 If from him we do not stray :
 Golden moments we've neglected,
 O the time we've spent in vain.
 Glory, &c. &c.

4 Come let's run our race with patience,
 Looking unto Christ the Lord,
 Who doth live and reign for ever
 With his Father and our God :
 He is worthy to be praised,
 He is our exalted king.
 Glory, honour, &c.

5 Come dear children praise your Jesus,
 Praise him, praise him evermore ;
 May his great love now constrain us,
 His great name for to adore :
 O then let us join together,
 Crowns of glory to obtain.
 Glory, &c. &c.

XVIII.

Glorying in the Cross of Christ.

1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee,
 Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days !

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far,
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus, just as soon,
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon,
 'Tis midnight with my soul 'till he,
 Bright morning star ! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus, that dear Friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No—when I blush—be this my shame
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away ;
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain,
 'Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.
- 7 His institutions I will prize,
 Take up my cross—the shame despise ;
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws.

XIX.

The prosperous Saint.

- 1 COME ye that love the Lord indeed,
 Who are from sin and bondage freed ;

Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk that narrow happy road.

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street ;
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

3 That happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear ;
Sound thro' the earth, yea down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.

4 Behold the earth in burning flames,
The trumpet louder still proclaims ;
The earth must hear and know her doom,
The separation day is come.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come ;
When Christ himself these words proclaims,
Here comes my saints, I know their names.

6 Ye everlasting gates fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride ;
Ye harps of heaven now sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.

7 In grandeur see the royal line,
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshines ;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendour to the throne.

- 8 They stand in wonder and look on,
 They join in one eternal song ;
 Their great Redeemer to admire,
 While rapture sets their souls on fire.

XX.

The Believer's hiding Place.

- 1 **H**AIL, sov'reign love that first began,
 The scheme to rescue fallen man ;
 Hail matchless free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,
 I fought with hands uplifted high ;
 Despis'd the proffers of his grace,
 Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Euwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
 Fonder of darkness than of light ;
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Secure, without a hiding place.
- 4 But thus the eternal council ran,
 Almighty love arrest the man ;
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
 But justice cry'd with frowning face,
 This mountain is no hiding place.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

- 6 But lo a heavenly voice I heard !
And mercy for my soul appear'd ;
She led me on a pleasant pace,
To Jesus Christ my hiding place.
- 7 For us he deign'd in flesh to dwell,
For us o'ercame the pow'rs of hell ;
He ransom'd all the sinful race,
And thus became our hiding place.
- 8 Should storms of sevenfold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole ;
No thunder-bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 9 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land us safe on Canaan's coast ;
There we shall sing the song of grace,
Safe in our glorious hiding place.

XXI.

The Judgment Day.

- 1 SEE the eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne,
Now poor sinner Christ shall shew thee,
He is the eternal Son ;
Trumpets call thee,
Come to hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the sinner now lamenting,
At the thoughts of future pain ;
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he cries and weeps in vain ;
Greatly mourning :
That he ne'er was born again.

3 Yonder stands the lovely Saviour,
With the marks of dying love ;
Oh ! that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his spirit move ;
Doomed justly,
For I have against him strove.

4 All his warnings I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul ;
If some vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke the whole ;
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll.

5 Yonder stands my godly neighbours,
Who were once despised by me ;
They are clad in dazzling splendor,
Waiting my sad fate to see ;
Farewell neighbours,
Dismal gulph I'm bound for thee.

6 Hail ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,
Grov'ling, rattling of your chains ;
Christ has now denounc'd my sentence,
I must dwell in endless pains ;

Down I'm rolling,
Never to return ag'in.

- 7 Now experience plainly shews me,
Hell is not a fabled thing :
Lo ! I see my friends in glory,
Round the throne they ever sing ;
I'm tormented,
By an everlasting sting.

XXII.

Youth hastening to Eternity.

- 1 **T**HE rising youth espouse the cause,
Of Jesus and his sacred laws ;
Behold them rise on every hand.
And marching to the promis'd land.
- 2 No earthly joys can equal theirs,
They shout and sing with flowing tears ;
With heavenly transports fill'd they cry,
We'll praise the Sov'reign of the sky.
- 3 O sacred spark, celestial fire,
Inflame each heart with pure desire ;
The time draws nigh, the moments fly,
The rising youth mount up on high.
- 4 But there's a youth for ruin bound,
His head with earthly laurels crown'd ;
Come go with us and you shall prove,
The joys of vast redeeming love.

- 5 This earth with all its glittering toys,
 Compar'd with these celestial joys ;
 Like momentary sparks appear,
 Come go with us your soul is dear.
- 6 We wait your answer, will you go,
 And drink the living streams that flow ;
 Proceeding from the throne of God,
 And purchas'd with your Saviour's blood.
- 7 Or must we leave the blooming youth ?
 Whose heart is barr'd against the truth ;
 No come my brother at Jesus' call,
 Come go with us, give up your all.
- 8 Come you that love a bleeding Lord,
 And feel the virtue of his blood ;
 Let's watch and pray and travel on,
 'Till Jesus comes to take us home.
- 9 Our stay is short, we soon must go,
 From grief and sorrow here below ;
 In shouts of triumph we shall fly,
 And spend a blest eternity.

XXIII.

Longing to see Jesus.

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus !
 And dwell with him above ;
 And drink the flowing fountain,
 Of everlasting love :

When shall I be deliver'd,
From this vain world of sin ;
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before ;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear :
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give ;
And all his valiant soldiers,
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd,
To conquer though I die ;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly :
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu ;
And you my friends be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with trials,
And troubles on the way ;
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray :
Gird on the heavenly armour,
Of faith and hope and love ;
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,
 For Jesus is your Friend ;
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not forget to lend ;
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request ;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you up to rest.

XXIV.

In Praise of God.

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise,
 All praise to him belongs ;
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs.
 Whose Providence hath brought us through
 Another varicus year ;
 We all with vows and anthems new,
 Before our God appear.

CHORUS.

A Saviour let creation sing,
 A Saviour let all heaven ring,
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness in our souls he pours :
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
 We're joining them who're gone before,
 We soon shall meet to part no more.

2 Father thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continued care ;

To thee presenting, through thy Son,
 Whate'er, we have or are ;
 Our lips and lives shall gladly show,
 The wonders of thy love ;
 While on in Jesus' steps we go,
 To seek thy face above.

- 3 Our residue of days or hours,
 Thine wholly thine shall be ;
 And all our consecrated pow'rs,
 A sacrifice to thee. •
 Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
 To saints on earth forgiv'n ;
 And bring the grand Sabbathic year,
 The Jubilee of heaven.

XXV.

On the Ascension of Christ.

- 1 **L**O ! the God by whom salvation
 Is to fallen man restor'd ;
 Now resumes his blissful station,
 Shews himself the almighty Lord :
 Slow ascending,
 Bids us for a while, farewell.
- 2 Who his heavenly state suspended,
 And for man's atonement dy'd ;
 By unnumber'd hosts attended,
 Rises to his Father's side ;

Borne by angels,
Back to his eternal throne.

3 Seraphs chant his endless praises,

Guard him to his ancient seat;

Open wide ye heavenly places,

Your returning God admit:

Heavenly portals,

Let the King of glory in.

4 Christ his kingdom re-inherits,

His before the world began;

Myriads of admiring spirits,

Hover round the Son of man:

Wrapt in wonder,

View the wounds he bore for us.

5 Worthy thou of exaltation,

Lost in sweet surprise they sing;

Mortals with like acclamation,

Hail your great redeeming King:

Let your voices,

Emulate th' angelic choir.

6 Yes, O Christ, from every creature!

Praise shall to thy name be giv'n;

Worthy thou of more and greater,

King of saints, and King of heav'n!

Kindling transports,

Swell our hearts and tune our tongues.

7 Though our Lord is taken from us,

Present but in spirit now;

This his faithful word of promise,
 Made while sojourning here below :
 Where I enter,
 Thither shall my servants come.

3 Him we praise for his ascension,
 Conqueror of sin and death ;
 Gone up to prepare a mansion,
 For his ransom'd flock beneath :
 They shall quickly
 Reign with him in glory there.

9 There already is our treasure,
 There our heart, our hope, our crown ;
 Thence on sublunary pleasure,
 We with holy scorn look down :
 Earth hath nothing,
 Worth a moment's transient thought.

10 We shall soon in bliss adore thee,
 Gain the realms of endless day ;
 Soon be gather'd home to glory,
 All our tears be wip'd away :
 There for ever,
 Sing the Lamb's new song of love.

XXVI.

Heaven.

1 Y E souls that trust in Christ, rejoice,
 Your sins are all forgiven ;

Let ev'ry christian raise his voice,
And sing the joys of heav'n.

2 Heav'n is that holy happy place,
Where sin no more defiles ;
Where God unveils his lovely face;
And looks, and loves, and smiles.

3 Where Jesus, Son of man and God,
Triumphant from his wars ;
Walks in rich garments dipt in bload,
And shews his glorious scars.

4 Where ransom'd sinners sound God's praise,
Th' angelic hosts among ;
Sing the rich wonders of his grace,
And Jesus leads the song.

5 Where saints are free from ev'ry load,
Of passions or of pains ;
God dwells in them, and they in God,
And love for ever reigns.

6 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor can the heart conceive ;
All that the blood of Christ procur'd,
Or all that God can give.

7 Lord as thou shew'st thy glory there,
Make known thy grace to us ;
And heav'n will not be wanting here,
While we can hymn thee thus,

XXVII.

The convicted Sinner.

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus here comes and knocks at thy door,
A beggar for crumbs distressed and poor ;
Blind, lame, and forsaken all roll'd in his blood,
At last overtaken when running from God.
- 2 To ask children's bread I dare not presume,
But Lord to be fed with fragments I come ;
Some crumbs from thy table, O let me obtain,
For lo, thou art able my wants to sustain.
- 3 I own, I deserve no favour to see,
So long I did swerve and wander from thee ;
'Till brought by affliction my follies to mourn,
Now under conviction to thee I return.
- 4 For since thou hast said thou wilt cast out none,
That fly to thine aid as sinners undone ;
Now Lord I am come as condemned to die,
And on this sweet promise I humbly rely.
- 5 I cannot depart, dear Jesus, nor yield,
'Till my poor heart feels this promise fulfill'd ;
That I may for ever a monument be,
To praise the dear Saviour of sinners like me.

XXVIII.

Wrestling Jacob.

- 1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee :
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle 'till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare ;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there :
But who I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art thou the man that dy'd for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal,
Thy new unutterable name ;
O tell me, I beseech thee, tell,
'To know it now, resolv'd I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
 Or touch the hollow of my thigh ;
 Though ev'ry sinew we're unstrung,
 Out my arms thou shalt not fly :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 'Till I thy name, thy nature know.

6 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long ;
 I rise superior to my pain,
 When I am weak, then I am strong :
 And when my all of strength doth fail,
 I shall with thee, God-man prevail.

7 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
 I sink beneath thy weighty hand ;
 Faint to revive, and fall to rise,
 I fall, and yet by faith I stand :
 I stand and will not let thee go,
 'Till I thy name, thy nature know.

XXIX.

Second part.—Wrestling Jacob.

1 **Y**IELD to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self despair !
 Beak to my heart in blessing speak,
 Be conquer'd by my instant pray'r :
 Speak, or thou never hence shall move,
 And tell me if thy name is love.

2 'Tis love, 'tis love ! thou diedst for me,
 I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Pure universal love thou art :
 To me, to all, thy bowels move,
 Thy nature and thy name is love.

3 My prayer hath power with God, the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive ;
 Through faith I see thee face to face,
 I see thee face to face and live !
 In vain I have not wept and strove,
 Thy nature and thy name is love.

4 I know thee Saviour who thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend ;
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end :
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy nature and thy name is love.

5 The sun of righteousness on me
 Hath rose with healing in his wings ;
 Wither'd my nature's strength from thee,
 My soul it's life and succour brings :
 My help is all laid up above,
 Thy nature and thy name is love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh,
 I halt 'till life's short journey ends ;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I,
 On thee alone for strength depend :

Nor will I ever from thee move,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

- 7 Lame as I am I take the prey,
Hell, earth and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding heart fly home:
Through all eternity, to prove,
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

XXX.

Redemption.

- 1 COME friends and relations let's join heart and hand,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land:
Let's all walk together and follow the sound,
And march to the place where redemption is found.
- 2 The place it is hidden by reason of sin,
You can't see the sorrowful state you are in;
You're blinded, polluted, in prison and pain,
O how can such rebels redemption obtain.
- 3 The place is obscur'd and darkly conceal'd,
Nor can mortals know it until 'tis reveal'd;
The place is in Jesus, to him we will go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and woe.
- 4 And if you are wounded and bruised by the fall,
Rise up and press forward, for you he doth call;

Or if you are tempted to doubt and despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.

5 And you my dear brethren that love the dear Lord,
Who've witness'd free pardon through faith in his
word ;

Let patience attend you wherever you go,
Your Saviour hath purchas'd salvation you know.

6 We read of commotions and signs in the skies,
The sun and the moon shall be cloth'd with dis-
guise ;

And when you shall see all these tokens appear,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.

7 When the archangel the trumpet shall sound,
And awake all the saints who sleep under the
ground ;

The sound of the trumpet shall bid you arise,
To meet your redemption with love and surprise.

8 And then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve ;
Then we shall be all uncorrupted and free,
And sing of redemption wherever we be.

9 Redecmed from sin, and redeemed from death,
Redeem'd from corruption, redeemi'd from the
earth : ^

Redeemed from sorrow, redeem'd from all voe,
We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.

- 10 Redeemed from pain, and redeem'd from distress,
 The fruits of redemption no tongue can express ;
 Redemption was purchas'd through Jesus' love,
 We'll sing of redemption in heaven above.

XXXI.

A Call to the Soldier.

- 1 YE soldiers of Jesus awake from your sleep,
 The travellers to Zion how slowly they creep ;
 The wicked outrun us in their sinful way ;
 But serve the worst master, and hell is their pay.
- 2 When Jesus invites us in mercy's sweet voice,
 The music so charming we all should rejoice ;
 And leave all behind us and fly to his arms,
 While sinners reject him for gold and for farms.
- 3 Remember we're passing from life unto death,
 The few scenes remaining will finish our breath ;
 Our friends will desert us in our dusty bed,
 And pass by our dwelling with a solemn dread.
- 4 With gladness we leave all things here below,
 For heavenly treasure, which we shall enjoy ;
 Our bodies will moulder and crumble to dust,
 Until the resurrection of just and unjust.
- 5 And when Gabriel sounds the joyful alarm,
 He'll call all the righteous to Jesus' arms ;
 With shouts all triumphant our bodies shall rise,
 And fly to meet Jesus our Lord in the skies.

XXXII.

Welcome, welcome.

- 1 COME ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready, stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and pow'r.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
 Sound the praise of his dear name;
 Glory, honour, and salvation,
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.

- 2 Now ye needy come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requires,
 Is to feel your need of him.

- 4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies;

On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies.

6 Lo ! the incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name.

XXXIII.

Christmas Hymn.

1 F ROM the regions of love,
Lo ! an angel descended,
And told the strange news,
How the babe was attended :
Go Shepherds and visit,
This wonderful stranger ;
With wonder and joy,
See your God in a manger.

2 Glad tidings I bring,
To you and each nation ;
Glad tidings of joy,
Now behold your salvation :
When sudden a multitude,
Raise their glad voices,

And shout the Redeemer,
While heaven rejoices.

3 Now glory to God,
In the highest is given ;
Now glory to God,
Is re-echo'd through heaven :
Around the whole earth,
Let us tell the glad story ;
And sing of his love,
His salvation and glory.

4 Erraptur'd I burn,
With delight and desire ;
Such love so divine,
Sets my soul all on fire :
Around the bright throne
Now hosannas are ringing,
O when shall I join
Them, and ever be singing.

5 Triumphant ride,
In thy chariot victorious,
And conquer with love,
O Jesus, all glorious ;
Thy banner unfurl,
Bid the nations surrender ;
And own thee their Saviour,
Their King and Defender.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchas'd our pardon ;

We will praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

XXXIV.

Christ's Sufferings.

- 1 **T**HROUGHOUT our Saviour's life we trace,
The wonders of redeeming grace ;
No period else was seen :
'Till he a spotless victim fell,
Tasting in soul a painful hell ;
Caus'd by the creature's sin.

- 2 On the cold ground methinks I see,
My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;
For this I'll him adore :
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood drops did force their passage out,
Through ev'ry opening pore.

- 3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore ;
'Till one the bones might see :
Mocking they push'd him here and there
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by sin's heavy tree.

- 4 Thus up the hill he heavy came,
Round him they mock'd and made their game ;
At length his cross they rear :
And can you see the Lamb of God,

Cry out beneath sin's heavy load ;
Without one thankful tear ?

- 5 Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies with anguish on the tree ;
What tongue his grief can tell !
The shudd'ring rocks their heads decline,
The mourning sun refus'd to shine,
When the Redeemer fell.
- 6 Shout brethren, shout with songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine ;
To quench our parching thirst :
Seraphs advance your voices higher,
Bride of the Lamb unite the choir,
To praise your precious Christ.

XXXV.

Divine Fortitude.

- 1 DIDST thou dear Jesus suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be.
- 2 Forbid it Lord that I should dread,
To suffer shame or loss ;
But in thy footsteps let me tread,
And glory in thy cross.

- 3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold :
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- 4 Say to my soul, why dost thou fear,
The face of feeble man ?
Behold thy heavenly captain's here,
Before thee in the van.
- 5 O how my soul would up and run,
At this reviving word :
Nor any painful suff'rings shun,
To follow thee my Lord.
- 6 For this let men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will ;
So I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.
- 7 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign ;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.
- 8 I'll cheerfully take up my cross,
And follow thee, my Lord ;
Submit to tortures, shame and loss,
At thy commanding word.
- 9 But let thy grace sufficient be
In ev'ry time of need ;

Then Lord, I'll boldly fight for thee,
And ev'ry time succeed.

CHORUS.

Oh glory, hallelujah, &c.

XXXVI.

To be Sung before going in to Public Worship.

- 1 THE Saviour meets his flock to day,
Shall I in sloth abide at home!
Shall I behind the people stay,
When Jesus call's there still is room !
I'll go, it is a place of prayer,
Who knows but God may meet me there ?
- 2 To-day Immanuel meets his saints,
And here the Christians find their King ;
They all lay open their complaints,
And here the Saviour's praise they sing :
Into their number I'll presume,
Since Jesus kindly bids me come.
- 3 How long did faithful Anna wait,
And sought the Lord, full fourscore years ;
Both day and night the temple gate,
She watch'd with many sighs and tears :
And did not leave the house of pray'r,
'Till God vouchsaf'd to meet her there.
- 4 Remove temptation, O my Lord,
And let my enemies be slain ;

Who would withdraw me from thy word,
 And plunge me in the world again :
 And when the bridegroom shall appear,
 O may my soul be found in pray'r.

XXXVII.

The Coronation of Christ.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall,
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from the altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small ;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Babes, men and sires, who know his love,
 Who feel your sin and thrall ;
 Now joy with all the host above,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget,
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go spread his trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred ev'ry tongue,
On this terrestrial ball ;
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
To join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

XXXVIII.

On the great Duty of Prayer.

1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercies' seat ;
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darkest clouds withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight,
Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain;
And fill your fellow creature's ears,
With the sad tale of all your cares.

6 Were half our breath so vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent:
Our cheerful songs, would often be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.

XXXIX.

O thou of little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

1 COME, O my doubting soul, attend,
Unto thy Saviour's call;
Come tell thy great Almighty friend,
Why is thy faith so small.

2 Why all these unbelieving fears?
Jehovah's arm is strong;
O chide these sighs, and groans, and tears,
And turn them to a song.

3 Is God thy shield thy great reward,
Thy portion and thy all?
Is Christ thy Captain and thy Lord,
And shall thy hopes be small?

4 Why wilt thou thus dispute his love,
And thus abuse his care?
Why wilt thou grieve the heavenly dove,
And yield to ev'ry snare.

IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE.

5 In Jesus ev'ry grace is found,
 Why wilt thou not believe ?
He hath a balm for ev'ry wound,
 Why wilt thou not receive.

6 His arm can conquer ev'ry foe,
 His grace can sanctify ;
Amen, amen ; Lord be it so,
 Let my corruptions die.

7 Sin is the cause of ev'ry fear,
 O keep me from it's power ;
Slay the accursed monster here,
 That I may doubt no more.

XL.

"In Me ye shall have Peace."

1 YE saints attend the Saviour's voice,
 Found in his word of grace ;
He says and in it, O rejoice,
 In me ye shall have peace.

CHORUS.

Oh glory hallelujah, praise ye my God,
O glory hallelujah, love and serve the Lord.

2 Though storms and tempests round you roar,
 And foes and fears increase ;
He says, and what could he say more,
 In me, ye shall have peace.

3 What though afflictions still abound,
 Nor do temptations cease ;
 He says, and O, how sweet the sound !
 In me ye shall have peace.

4 What though your hearts with sorrow bleed,
 And sighs and tears increase ;
 He says, and O, 'tis true indeed,
 In me ye shall have peace.

5 Though you shall pass through death's cold flood,
 To gain your wish'd release ;
 He says and sure he'll make it good,
 In me ye shall have peace.

6 When you his face in glory view,
 Where joy can ne'er decrease ;
 Eternity shall prove it true,
 In him ye shall have peace.

XLI.

Christ's Ascension.

1 **H**AIL the day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;
 Christ awhile to mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native heav'n ;
 There the pompous triumph waits,
 " Lift up your heads, ye crystal gates !
 " Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 " Take the King of glory in."

2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Though returning to his throne ;
Still he calls the world his own :
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master may we ever say,
Taken from our head to day ;
See, thy faithful servant see,
Ever gazing up to thee ;
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height ;
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following the beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of live ;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, grasping after home :
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign ;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n a heav'n in thee.

XLII.

The Lord our Righteousness.

1 JESUS thy blood and righteousness,
My beauties are, my glorious dress ;

Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansions in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
“ Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me.”
- 3 Bold shall I stand at that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
While through thy blood absolv'd I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood ;
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,
Sinners of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O ! let the dead now hear thy voice,
Bid Lord thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord our righteousness.

XLIII.

The Gospel Trumpet.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds,
While far and wide its echo bounds ;
And Jesus by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God :
And guides them safely by his word,
To endless day.
- 2 Hail ! all victorious conquering Lord,
Be thou by all thy works ador'd ;
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name :
That we with thee might ever reign,
In endless day.
- 3 Thy blood dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt ;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through thy blood :
And sail by faith upon that flood,
To endless day.
- 4 Through storms and calms by faith we steer,
By feeble hope and gloomy fear ;
Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more ;
We'll shout, our trials are all o'er,
To endless day.

5 We are but pilgrims here below,
 And all our lives are full of woe ?
 Lord give us courage on our way,
 That we may never go astray :
 But last with thee in glory sway,
 In endless day.

6 Fight on ye conquering souls fight on,
 And when the conquest you have won,
 The palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
 And in his kingdom have a share :
 And crown of glory ever wear,
 To endless day.

7 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
 And saints and angels all combine ;
 To sing of his redeeming love,
 When rolling years shall cease to move :
 And this shall be our theme above,
 In endless day.

XLIV.

The Fear of the Lord is to hate Evil.

1 **N**OW whilst I try my heart,
 By this unerring rule ;
 My conscience can assert,
 I truly fear the Lord :
 I cannot tread the paths of sin,
 I long for holiness within.

2 Yes, holiness of heart,
 I would more largely share ;
 I mourn with inward smart,
 The evils that are there :
 I hate my thoughts, because they're vain,
 I would from every sin abstain.

3 I hate this wretched pride,
 These covetous desires ;
 I'd have them crucify'd,
 For God, my heart requires :
 Jesus do thou these foes subdue,
 O ! make me more sincere and true.

4 I'd live alone to thee,
 I love t' obey thy word ;
 Well pleas'd that thou should'st be,
 My Saviour and my Lord :
 To thee I now resign my heart,
 Renew it Lord in ev'ry part.

XLV.

The Sinner found Wanting.

1 R AISE thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye,
 Behold thy balance lifted high ;
 There shall God's justice be display'd,
 And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

- 2 See, in one scale his perfect law,
 Mark with what force its precepts draw ;
 Would'st thou the awful test sustain,
 Thy works how light, thy thoughts how vain.
- 3 Behold the hand of God appears,
 To trace these dreadful characters ;
 "Tekel, thy soul is wanting found.
 And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."
- 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves embrace,
 Confusion will o'erspread thy face ;
 Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
 And deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope, may yet prevail,
 Christ in the scripture turns the scale ;
 Still doth the gospel publish peace,
 And shew a Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 Jesus exert thy pow'r to save,
 Deep on this heart thy truth engrave ;
 Great God, the load of guilt remove,
 That trembling lips may sing thy love.

XLVI.

The Redeemer's Message.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long :

Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace.
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name.

XLVII.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 RISE my soul and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 T'ward's heav'n thy native place.
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise my soul and haste away,
 To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending, seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source.
 Thus a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies,
 Yet a season and you know,
 Happy entrance will be giv'n ;
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

XLVII.

A Spur to Professors.

- 1 LUKEWARM souls the foe grows stronger,
 See what foes your camp surround ;
 Arm to battle, lag no longer ;
 Hark ! the silver trumpets sound.
 Wake ye sleepers, wake, what mean you,
 Sin besets you round about ;
 Up and search the world's within you,
 Slay, or chase the traitor out.
- 2 What enchantments you, self or pleasure ?
 Pluck right eyes, with right hands part :
 Ask your conscience where's your treasure ?
 For be certain there's your heart.
 Give the fawning foe no credit,
 Lo the bloody flag unfurl ;
 That base heart, the word has said it,
 Loves not God, that loves the world.
- 3 God and Mammon, O be wiser,
 Serve them both it cannot be ;
 Ease in warfare, saint and miser,
 These will never well agree.
 Shun the shame of foully falling,
 Cumber'd captives, clogg'd with clay ;
 Prove your faith, make sure your calling,
 Wield the sword and win the day.

XLIX.

Alarm.

- 1 **S**TOP poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go :
Will you sport upon the brink,
Of everlasting woe.
- 2 Say have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ;
Fear you not his iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes ?
- 3 Although your heart's as hard as steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass ;
God at last will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
- 4 Pale face'd death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar ;
There to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.
- 5 Can you stand that dreadful day,
When judgment is proclaim'd ?
The earth and sea shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame.
- 6 Sinners then in vain will cry,
Who now despise his grace ;

Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

7 But in the Lord, there still is hope,
You may his mercy know :
Although his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.

8 It was for sinners Jesus dy'd,
'Tis Christ that bids them come ;
None that comes shall be deny'd,
For still he cries there's room.

CHORUS.

Once again I charge you stop,
For unless you warning take ;
E'er you are aware you'll drop,
Into the burning lake.

L.

The Day of Grace.

1 THE Lord into his garden's come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive :
Refreshing show'rs of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become :

The deserts blossom as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is:
I taste and see the pardon's free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who comes to Christ may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find,
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive:
None are too late, who will repent,
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.

5 Come brethren, you that love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on:
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heav'n is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high:
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

7 But when we come to dwell above,
 And all surround the throne of love,
 We'll drink a full supply :
 Jesus will lead his armies through,
 To living fountains where they flow,
 That never will run dry.

8 'Tis there we'll reign and shout and sing
 And make the upper mansions ring,
 When all the saints get home :
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 Soon we shall meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come.

9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 To claim my mansion there :
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 o meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

L.

The Minister on the Hill.

1 **T**HROUGH all the world below,
 God is seen all around,
 Search hills and vallies through,
 There he is found :
 The growing of the corn,
 The lily and the thorn,

The pleasant and forlorn,
All declare, God is there,
And meadows drest in green,
There he's seen.

- 2 See springs of water rise,
Fountains flow, rivers run,
The mist below the sky,
Hides the sun :
And down the rain doth pour,
The ocean it doth roar,
And beats upon the shore,
All to praise in their ways,
The God that ne'er declines,
His designs.

- 3 The sun in all his rays,
Speaks of God as he flies,
The comets with their blaze,
Speak his praise :
The shining of the stars,
The moon when she appears,
His wond'rous work declares,
See them rise near the skies,
And shades in silence round,
Join the sound.

- 4 Elijah's servant hears,
From the hill and declares,
A little cloud appears,
Dry your tears :

Our Lord transfigur'd is,
 With these two saints of his,
 Thus saith the witnesses,
 Set them rise, near the skies,
 And view old Canaan's ground,
 All around.

5 Then let my station be,
 Here in life, where I see,
 The sacred One in Three,
 All agree :

'Through all the world is made,
 The forrest and the glade,
 Nor let me be afraid,
 Though I dwell on a hill,
 For nature's works declare,
 God is there.

6 'Tis not in hills of gold,
 Where their wonders are told.
 That ciphers strong and bold,
 Can unfold :

'Twas on Mount Calvary,
 There Christ our Lord did die,
 Hark ! hear the God-man cry,
 Heaven shakes, while earth quakes,
 When God and nature's ghost,
 Quit the coast.

7 'Tis on Mount Calvary,
 You may stand there and spy,
 Beyond the lower sky,
 Far on high :

Mount Zion was the place,
 Where God did shew his face,
 There Moses sang his praise,
 See them rise near the skies,
 And join in Moses' song,
 Heart and tongue.

3 If hills are honour'd thus,
 By our Lord in their course,
 Let them not be to us,
 Call'd a curse :

Forbid it mighty King,
 But rather let us sing,
 Let hills and mountains ring,
 Echo, fly through the sky,
 And heav'n heard the sound,
 From the ground.

LI.

Methodist's Song.

1 **M**Y Saviour's name, I'll gladly sing,
 Glory, glory, glory,
 He is my Captain and my King ;
 Where'er I go, his name I'll bless,
 And shout among the Methodists'.

2 The devil's camp, I'll bid adieu,
 And Zion's peaceful ways pursue ;
 Come sinner, turn with me, and list,
 Nor fear to be a Methodist.

- 3 My Saviour doth all pow'r possess,
My ev'ry want, he doth redress ;
In him, I put my trust, may I
Then with his people live and die.
- 4 Come now with me, and you shall know,
What a dear Saviour can bestow ;
His arms are open wide and free,
O come and taste his love with me.
- 5 I am a soldier of the cross,
All earthly things I count but dross ;
My soul is bound for endless rest,
Where I shall shout among the blest.
- 6 Come all my brethren, in the Lord,
Who know the sweetness of his word ;
Let's face our foes in firm array,
Our Captain will secure the day.
- 7 Our enemies before us fall,
We rise superior to them all ;
And death itself we do not fear,
For Jesus will be with us there.
- 8 Then let us firmly stand our ground,
And ever be obedient found ;
So will the Lord our labours bless,
And perfect us in holiness.
- 9 So when that happy day shall come,
When all the christians are brought home ;

If faithful then, our souls shall rest
Among the shouting Methodists'.

10 We shout too loud for sinners here ;
But when in Zion we appear,
Our shouts shall make the heav'ns ring,
And all the saints in glory sing.

LII.

The Soldier.

1 **A** SOLDIER Lord, thou hast me made,
Thou art my Captain, King and Head :
And under thee I still wil' fight,
The fight of faith all in thy sight.
The cross all stain'd with hallowed blood,
The ensign of our cause in God ;
The soldier's heav'nly standard is,
And I will fight for King Jesus.

2 Grant me the arrows of thy word,
Thy pow'rful spirit's two-edg'd sword ;
To slay my foes, where'er they be,
And own the vict'ry won by thee.
That I a soldier, firm and free,
May stand and fight my enemy,
That when the alarm's to call, the Lord
May pass the word unto the guard.

3 Thou art my guard, keep me I pray,
That I may walk the narrow way ;

Nor from my duty e'er depart,
 But live to Christ with all my heart :
 Help me to keep my guardian dress,
 March to the right in holiness ;
 O make me pure and spotless too,
 And fit to stand the grand review.

- 4 And when our Gen'ral, he shall come,
 With sound of trumpet, not of drum :
 Our well dress'd ranks, by him shall stand
 In full review at God's right hand :
 Then shall our enemy get the rout,
 Be wheel'd by him, to the left about ;
 But we'll march up the heav'nly street,
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

LIII.

The Wandering Pilgrim.

- 1 **W**AND'RING Pilgrim, mourning Christian,
 Weak and tempted Lamb of Christ ;
 Who endur'st great tribulation,
 And with sins is much distress'd.
 Christ hath sent me to invite you,
 To a rich and costly feast ;
 Let not shame, nor pride prevent you,
 Come the rich provision taste.

- 2 If you have a heart lamenting,
 And bemoan your wretched case ;

Come to Jesus Christ, repenting,
He will grant you sweet release :
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him all your days ;
Only come to Christ, and ask him,
He will give you gospel grace.

3 If like Bartimeus, blinded,
You bewail the want of sight ;
Cry to Jesus, Son of David,
He will give you gospel light.
If like Mary, you've been keeping
Sev'n devils in your embrace ;
Fly like her to Jesus, weeping,
He will bid you go in peace.

4 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pardoning love ;
Lay hard by Bethsaida, waiting
Till the troubled waters move.
If no one appears to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk ;
Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you,
Rise take up your bed and walk.

5 If like Peter you are sinking,
In the sea of unbelief ;
Wait with patience, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief.
He will give you grace and glory,
All your want shall be supply'd ;

Canaan, Canaan, lies before you,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

- 6 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guide you through the gloom,
Down he'll send an heavenly convoy,
To convey you to his home.
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from every want and care;
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,
Feign my spirit would be there.

LIV.

Friends Parting Hymn.

- 1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented mixt in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.
Our hearts did burn when Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd the enlarg'd desire.
- 2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die:
Let devils rage and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;

Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown our due.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain ;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain :
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour the mighty flood ;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sets thy starry crown ;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee, thine own :
May we, the little band of love,
Be sinners sav'd by grace ;
From glory, into glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

CHORUS.

A Saviour, let creation sing,
A Saviour, let all heav'n ring ;
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours :
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining them that's gone before,
We soon shall meet to part no more.

LV.

Conversion:

- 1 O H! how I have long'd for the coming of God,
And sought him by praying and searching his
word ;
With watching and fasting, my soul was oppress'd,
Nor would I give over till Jesus had bless'd.
- 2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,
According to promise, Christ answer'd my pray'r ;
And glory is open'd with floods on my soul,
Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.
- 3 The news of his mercy, is spreading abroad,
And sinners come crying and weeping to God ;
Their mourning and praying, is heard very loud,
And many find favour through Jesus' blood.
- 4 Here's more my dear Saviour, who fall at thy feet ;
Oppress'd by a burden enormously great ;
O raise them my Jesus, to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujahs with angels above.
- 5 I'll sing and I'll shout, and I'll shout and I'll sing ;
O God make the nations in praises to ring ;
With loud acclamations of Jesus' love,
And carry us all to the city above.

6 We'll wait for his chariot it seems to draw near,
 O come my dear Saviour let glory appear ;
 We long to be singing and shouting above,
 With angels o'erwhelm'd in Jusus' love.

LVI.

The Saving Request.

- 1 O H ! give me Lord , my sins to mourn,
 My sins which have thy body torn !
 Give me with broken heart to see,
 Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
 And gaze upon that bleeding sight !
 O, that with Salem's daughters, I
 Could stand, and see my Saviour die.
- 3 I'd smite my breast, and weep and mourn,
 And never from the cross return ;
 I'd weep o'er an exiling God,
 And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.
- 4 I'd hang around the cross, and cry,
 Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die ;
 O let a wretch come near thy throne,
 To plead the merits' of thy Son.
- 5 Father of mercy do not frown,
 But give me mercy in thy Son ;

And with my broken heart comply,
O give me Jesus, or I die.

6 O save me from a gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell ;
O might I enter, now I'm come !
Lord Jesus ! save, or I'm undone.

LVII.

Milicenium.

1 **T**HE glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come ;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning Sun :
The north and south their suns resign,
And earth's foundation bend ;
Adorn'd as a bride, Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.

2 The King that bears the golden crown,
The azure flaming bow ;
The holy city shall bring down,
To bless his saints below :
When Zion's bleeding conquering King,
Shall sin and death destroy ;
The morning stars together sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

3 The holy bright musician band,
Shall tune their harps of gold ;

With palms of victory shall stand,
 Fair Salem to behold :
 Ascending on such melting strains,
 Jehovah's name adore ;
 Such notes through earth's extensive plains,
 Was never heard before.

4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
 Ye fiends of darkness fly ;
 Though saints are feeble, weak, and poor,
 Their great Redeemer's nigh :
 He is their shield, their hiding place,
 A covert from the wind ;
 A streaming rock in the wilderness,
 Throughout this weary land.

5 The crystal streams run down from heav'n,
 They issue from the throne ;
 The floods of strife away are driv'n,
 The church becomes but one :
 That peaceful union she shall know,
 And live upon his love ;
 And shout and sing of grace below,
 As angels do above.

LVIII.

Inspiration.

1 **A**LMIGHTY love inspire,
 My heart with sacred fire,

And animate desire,
My soul to rene w:
I love the blessed Jesus,
On whom bright angels gazes,
With celebrating; praises,
Above the ethereal blue.

2 My tender heart ed Jesus,
Thy love my he art amazes,
Who came for to save us,
When lost and undone:
No seraph could retrieve us,
No angel could redeem us,
No arm could relieve us,
But Jesus alone.

3 In him I have believed,
He has my soul retrieved:
From sin he has redeemed,
My soul which was dead:
Now I love the Saviour,
For I am in his favour,
And hope with him for ever,
The golden streets to tread.

4 Yet here awhile I stay,
In hope of that glad day,
When I am call'd away,
To the mansion above:
There to enjoy the treasures,
Of unconsuming pleasures,

And shout in highest measures,
Hallelujahs of love.

5 In hope of seeing Jesus,
When all my conflict ceases,
To him my love increases,
To worship and adore :
Come then, my blessed Saviour,
Vouchsafe to me the favour ;
To dwell with thee for ever,
When time shall be no more.

6 Then in the blooming garden,
Of Eden gain'd by pardon ;
Upon the banks of Jordan,
I'll worship the Lamb :
I'll join the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composcs ;
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.

LIX.

Friends Parting.

1 JESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down Lord, from above ;
May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet above.

2 Jesus pardon all our follies,
 While together we have been ;
 Make us humble, make us holy,
 Cleanse us all from every sin.
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 'Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
 To each one's respective home ;
 And the presence of our Jesus,
 Rest upon us ev'ry one.
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 'Till we all shall meet at home.

LX.

Shouting Hymn.

1 O GOD my heart with love inflame,
 That I may in thy holy name ;
 Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
 While I have breath to raise my voice :
 Then will I shout, then will I sing,
 And make the heav'nly arches ring ;
 I'll sing and shout for evermore,
 On that eternal happy shore.

2 O hope of glory, Jesus come !
 And make my heart thy humble home ;
 For the small remnant of my days,
 I want to sing and shout thy praise :

O give me, Lord, a heart to pray,
 And live rejoicing ev'ry day ;
 For to give thanks in ev'ry thing,
 And sing and shout, and shout and sing;

- 3 When on my dying bed, I lay,
 Lord give me strength, to shout and pray ;
 And praise thee with my latest breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death :
 Then brethren, sisters, shouting come,
 My body follow to the tomb ;
 And as you march the solemn road,
 Loud sing, and shout the praise of God.
- 4 Then you below, and I above,
 We'll shout, and praise the God of love ;
 Until that great tremendous day,
 When Christ shall shout and wake our clay :
 Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
 And shout, O death ! where is thy sting ?
 O grave where is thy victory ?
 We'll shout to all eternity.
- 5 Our race is o'er we've gain'd the prize,
 Then shall the Sov'reign of the skies ;
 With smiles unto his children say,
 Come reign with me in endless day :
 Then on that happy, happy shore,
 We'll shout and sing our suff'rings o'er ;
 We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring.

LXI.

Jerusalem.

- 1 J ERUSALEM my happy home,
O how I long for thee !
When will my sorrow have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold,
- 3 If heav'n be thus, O glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die, and go from hence ?
- 4 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend ;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.
- 5 Jesus, my love's to glory gone,
Him will I go and see ;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 6 My friends I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care ;

And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

- 7 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days, to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

LXII.

The Pilgrim's Evening Meditation.

- 1 I'LL sing my Saviour's grace,
And his name I'll praise,
While in this land of sorrow I remain:
My sorrows soon will end,
And my soul ascend,
Free from trouble, sorrow, sin and pain.
- 2 A pilgrim here below,
In this vale of woe,
In exile, pain, and banishment I rove:
My days in sorrow roll,
And my weary soul,
With earnest longings pants to be above.
- 3 Though few my days have been,
Much sorrow I have seen,
And deep affliction I have waded through:
But thorny is the way,
Unto eternal day,
Yet forward will I press and onward go.

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4 Another day is gone,
And yon declining sun,
Has veil'd his radiant beams in silent shades,
While gloomy darkness reigns,
Through the extensive plains,
And silent still, and awful clothes the meads.

5 Thus rapid flies away,
Each succeeding day,
And life's declining light draws to a close :
E'er long life's setting sun,
Will in death go down,
And lay my weary dust in calm repose.

6 Then happy sweet surprise,
What new wonders rise,
When freed from this dull clog of cumb'rous clay ;
On eagle's wings of love,
Then I'll mount above,
And find a passage to eternal day.

7 O then the glorious sight,
What extreme delight,
Shall fill my happy soul when I behold :
When Salem's gate I see,
Open fly to me,
And streets of glitt'ring, pure transparent gold.

8 But Oh ! and shall I then,
See the friend on men,
The man that suffer'd, groan'd, and dy'd for me :

Who bore my load of sin,
Sorrow, guilt, and pain,
To make me happy, and to set me free.

9 To living fountains then,
And to pastures green,
And trees of Paradise, he'll lead his lambs :
With millions falling down,
Prostrate on the ground,
And at his footstool cast their starry crowns.

10 Ye heav'ly arches ring,
Sing hallelujah's sing,
Hail, holy, holy, holy bleeding Lamb :
Once we were dead in sin,
But we live again,
And glory, glory, glory to his Name.

LXIII.

Heavenly Rapture.

1 **M**Y soul's full of glory, it fires my tongue,
Could I meet with Christ's angels, I'd sing
them a song ;
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And ask them to bear me to Jesus' arms.

2 Methinks they're descending to hear while I sing,
Well pleas'd to hear mortals a praising their King,
O angels, O angels, my soul's in a flame,
I sink in sweet raptures at Jesus' name.

- 3 O Jesus, O Jesus, thou balm of my soul,
Through faith in thy blood, I now am made whole ;
O bring me to view thee, thou precious sweet King,
In oceans of glory, thy praises to sing.
- 4 O heav'n, O heav'n, I long to be there,
To meet all my brethren, and Jesus my dear ;
My soul while I'm singing is ready to fly,
With a flaming bright convoy, to God in the sky.
- 5 Sweet spirits attend me till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me till I'm called home ;
'Though worms my poor body may claim as their
prey,
Shall outshine, when rising, the sun at noon day.
- 6 The sun shall be dark'ned, the moon turn'd to
blood,
The world's all on fire by the vengeance of God ;
Though lightnings are blazing, and thunders do
roar,
All this shall not daunt me on Canaan's bright
shore.
- 7 The thoughts of bright glory o'erwhelmeth my soul,
I sink in sweet raptures I view the bright gold ;
My soul while I'm singing is leaping to go,
This moment I'm willing to leave all below.
- 8 Farewell, my dear brethren, the Lord bids me come,
Farewell, my dear children, I'm now going home ;
Sweet angels are whispering so sweet in my ear,
Away to my Saviour, my spirit will bear.

9 I'm going, I'm going, O what do I see !
 'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me ;
 To heav'n, to heav'n, I'm going now soon,
 O glory, O glory, 'tis my happy home.

LXIV.

The Beauties of Predestination:

- 1 **N**O wonder to me,
 We so often do see,
 Deism prevail in our nation :
 Since Calvins declare,
 That God every where,
 Is working out Predestination.
- 2 If this be the case,
 All men run the race,
 Like the devil in his fixed station :
 The king, though a chief,
 May get drunk with the thief,
 To comply with his fore-ordination.
- 2 'Tis truth exclaim'd I,
 With my work I'll comply,
 To thirst for the blood of creation ;
 This the whoremonger pleads,
 When impeach'd for his deeds,
 See the glory of Predestination.

- 4 To comport with the rest,
 I'll both swear and protest,

Right or wrong shall be my vocation :
From this I can't swerve,
Although hell I deserve,
This I learn in my Predestination.

- 5 Thus all the black crew,
Both of Pagan and Jew,
Turks, Popes, and the foul mouth creation.
The tyrant's of state,
May plead up their fate,
In the system of Predestination.
- 6 Why then don't you see,
You comply with decree,
Find no fault with your fixed station :
'I would astonish the world,
And the stars would be hurl'd,
To oppose God-like Predestination.
- 7 Your conduct don't clash,
Though you meet with the lash, [tion :
Of those fools you have rais'd to their sta-
The contrast is great,
Which the learned do prate,
When descanting from Predestination.
- 8 The good and the bad,
These both may be had,
In the store house of honest probation :
These blended in one,
Is the sound of the drum,
From the pulpit, and free ordination.

9 Could the Author of all,
 Condemn men at all,
 Who works all in all through creation,
 When no praise or blame,
 On the good or prophane,
 Can be found in our Predestination.

10 No, the wisdom of God,
 Which men spread abroad,
 No sin can be found in creation:
 The Deist may laugh,
 At the learned calf,
 When he thunders out hell and damnation.

LXV.

The Important Question.

1 CHRISTIANS, don't you want a teacher,
 Helper, Counsellor and Guide,
 Don't you want a gospel Preacher?
 Ask the Lord, and he'll provide:
 Trust in no man's worth or merit,
 But behold the gospel plan;
 Jesus sends his holy spirit,
 And the spirit sends the man.

2 Bless dear Lord, each lab'ring servant,
 Bless the word they undertake;
 Make them faithful, make them fervent,
 Bless them for thy mercy's sake:

Happy souls that love and follow,
Jesus speaking in his word ;
Paul, and Cephas, and Apollos,
All are one in Christ the Lord.

3 Come dear souls pray don't neglect it,
Don't reject the work of grace ;
Rather pray for faith to profit,
And for smiles from Jesus' face :
'Tis the means of God's providing,
Flowing streams from Jesus' heart ;
Whilst the portion is dividing,
Come poor souls, and take your part.]

4 View the lovely Saviour bleeding,
Purple streams do from him flow ;
And before his Father pleading,
Agonizing here below.
Loud he cries, Father forgive them,
Though they do my life pursue ;
I am willing to receive them,
For they know not what they do.

5 Come dear souls and now believe it,
Feel your sin and guilt and shame ;
That you may with joy receive it,
And be thankful for the same :
If you now neglect salvation,
Thus before your Maker's face ;
You will seal your condemnation,
By rejecting of his grace.

6 Lord, remove each false foundation,
 Where their tottering hope is found ;
 Let the gospel invitation,
 Cultivate the barren ground :
 When their hope begins to leave them,
 And for mercy they do cry ;
 Lord in mercy then receive them,
 Make them fit to live and die.

LXVI.

The Union.

- 1 ATTEND ye saints and hear me tell,
 The wonders of Immanuel ;
 He pluck'd me from a burning hell,
 And brought my soul with him to dwell,
 And feel this blessed union.
- 2 When first he saw me from on high,
 Beheld my soul in ruin lie ;
 He look'd on me with pitying eye,
 And said to me as he pass'd by,
 With God you have no union.
- 3 Then I began to mourn and cry,
 I look'd this way and that to fly ;
 It griev'd me sore that I must die,
 I strove salvation for to buy,
 But still I had no union.

4 But when I parted with my sin,
My kind Redeemer took me in;
And in his blood he wash'd me clean,
And O what seasons I have seen,
Ever since I felt this union.

5 I'll praise the Lord both night and day,
From house to house I'll go and pray;
And if I meet one on the way,
I always find I've something to say,
About this heavenly union.

6 I wonder why old saints don't sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing;
And make the heav'nly arches ring,
With loud hosannahs to our King,
Who sav'd our souls from ruin.

7 Come, O backslider, come away,
And mind and do, as well as say;
And learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall break old nature's ties,
On wings of love our souls shall rise;
And shout salvation in the skies,
And gain the mark and win the prize,
And feel this perfect union.

9 There we the glorious Lamb shall see,
Who groan'd and dy'd upon the tree;

That spilt his blood for you and me,
That we might his salvation see,
And feel this heav'nly union.

10 Let heav'n and earth unite, he says,
Then, O my soul, I'll shout and praise,
He bled that I my voice might raise,
And give to Jesus endless praise,
And ascribe to him this union.

11 But if you still will slight his love,
And hate the wisdom from above ;
Then down to hell you'll surely go,
And there you'll burn in endless woe,
And never feel this union.

12 O could I like an angel sound,
Salvation through the earth around ;
The devil's kingdom to confound,
I'd triumph through Immanuel's ground,
And spread this heav'nly union.

LXVII.

For a Revival.

1 **I** LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home ;
To taste the heaven of Jesus' love,
And sing the joys that are above.

- 2 Hark ! 'tis the gospel's joyful sound,
Inviting sinners all around ;
Behold the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart ;
To wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days and we must go,
To realms of bliss or endless woe ;
To worlds of light with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath your frowns to hell.
- 5 Come then poor sinners counsel take,
And all your wicked ways forsake ;
This world give o'er, leave friends behind,
In Christ you shall salvation find.
- 6 Take your companion by the hand,
And all your children in a band ;
And give them up at Jesus' call,
To pardon, bless, and save them all.
- 7 And when the day of Christ shall come,
When he collects his jewels home ;
On Zion's mount you two shall stand,
And join, that bright angelic band.
- 8 O, what a glorious company !
May I be there that sight to see ;
And join in praise to Jesus' name,
All glorious in Jerusalem.

LXVIII.

The Judgment.

- 1 PREST my soul with future prospect,
 Sing creation's dismal end ;
 Long foretold by sacred prophets,
 Holy muse thy succour lend :
 Say what horror, what confusion,
 Will each sinful heart dismay ;
 What distresses, torture, anguish,
 Reigns in that tremendous day.
- 2 Rumbling thunder, forked light'ning,
 Ghastly glaring thwart the gloom ;
 Nature trembling to her centre,
 Groans prophetic of her doom :
 Clifft' rocks and lofty mountains,
 O'er their trembling basis rock ;
 While earth yawns in frightful chasms,
 With each strong repeated shock.
- 3 Seas with horrid palpitations,
 Ravage round their frightened shores ;
 Blust'ring winds with frantic fury,
 Through each ruin'd fabric roars :
 The sun's bright orb is veil'd in sackcloth,
 Stript of all his sparkling beams ;
 The moon has dropt her silver radiance,
 And dissolves in purple streams,

4 Stars of late divinely brilliant,
Studding nights semerian robe ;
Hurl'd in darkness from their orbits,
Each a dark and ruin'd globe :
Hark ! the martial trumpet sounding,
Rends in twain the crystal sky ;
Vengeance blazing, lights the concave,
Of profound eternity.

5 See the sov'reign ether furling,
N'ler scenes salute my eyes ;
Heav'n in solemn pomp descending,
Crimson banners dress the skies :
On the arched striped rainbow,
Sits enthron'd the eternal God ;
Myriads of celestial warriors,
Round him wait his awful nod.

6 Go, he cries, ye winged heralds,
Bring my saints from ev'ry wind ;
Those from death my blood has ransom'd,
Those in life's fair volume penn'd :
Strait a holy troop obsequies,
Swift as light'ning skins along ;
And from ev'ry grave collecting,
Jesus dear redeemed throng.

7 Roused from tombs poor sinners rises,
At the last loud trumpet's sound ;
Round they gaze with wild amazement,
Wond'ring at the scene profound :

Fill'd with horr' r, dread and anguish,
 Rocks and mountains they implore ;
 To fall and crush them out of being,
 Wishing now to be no more.

8 Hark ! the herald calls to judgment,
 Justice draws the glitt'ring sword ;
 Light'ning glances from his aspect,
 Thunder clothes his awful word :
 Go ye cursed fill'd with vengeance,
 Not for peace my name invoke ;
 You who ~~face~~ refus'd my mercy,
 And my fury dar'd provoke.

9 Go to pits of burning sulphur,
 Ever banish'd from my rest ;
 Where the soul's eternal 'larum,
 Ceaseless beats your pulsive breast :
 Each guilty soul then struck with horror,
 And anguish throbbing in their breast ;
 For ever doom'd to endless sorrow,
 And never more to hope for rest.

LXIX.

The Institution of the Supper.

1 **A**H ! doleful was the night,
 When the Son ;
 Ah ! doleful was the night,
 When the Son of God's delight ;
 Endur'd infernal spite,
 To atone.

2 For the sin of all mankind,
And for me ;
For the sin of all mankind,
When earth and hell combin'd :
My Lord his life resign'd,
On the tree.

3 Before the mournful scene,
Was display'd ;
Before the mournful scene,
Our Lord with looks serene ;
Though pierc'd with sorrows keen,
Broke the bread.

4 To his disciples he,
Said, this do ;
To his disciples he,
Said, this do in memory ;
Of me on Calvary,
Slain for you.

5 Then after supper, he
Took the cup ;
Then after supper, he
Commands most graciously ;
Drink, and remember me,
Offer'd up.

6 When they had sung a hymn,
Up they rose ;
When they had sung a hymn,
The mighty to redeem ;
With his first in esteem,
Lo ! he goes.

- 7 To the mount of olives where,
On that night ;
To the mount of olives where,
Hear him to them declare ;
The sad effects of fear,
In their flight.
- 8 With them to Gethsemaine,
He repairs ;
Behold in Gethsemaine,
His sacred body slain ;
In blood from ev'ry vein,
Mixt with tears.
- 9 The pow'rs of earth and hell,
Firm unite ;
The pow'rs of earth and hell,
Against Immanuel ;
Their cruel numbers swell,
Fill'd with spite.
- 10 To Pilate's tribunal,
When betray'd ;
To Pilate's tribunal,
The Sov'reign Lord of all ;
To ransom us from thrall,
Was convey'd.
- 11 There he was doom'd to die,
On the tree ;
There he was doom'd to die,
That we with him on high ;

Might reign eternally,
In glory.

12 Beneath his dying groans,
The earth shakes ;
Beneath his dying groans,
The sky in darkness mourns ;
While vengeance on him frowns,
Nature shakes.

13 The sun has set in blood,
God's delight ;
The sun has set in blood,
The only Son of God ;
Sunk down in sorrows flood,
All is night.

14 To death's cold dark domain,
He descends ;
To death's cold dark domain,
To break that tyrant's chain ;
And spring to life again,
To his friends.

15 He's risen from the tomb,
Where he lay ;
He's risen from the tomb,
From death's cold dreary room ;
And scatters all our gloom,
All is day.

LXX.

The Backslider Restored.

- 1 IF ever pity mov'd thee,
Thou glorious Son of righteousness ;
If ever saints have prov'd thee,
A sure relief in sore distress :
O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Thyself to me, O Christ, impart,
And bring me to inherit,
Thy kingdom form'd within my heart.
- 2 By Satan oft deceiv'd,
Drawn from the path of righteousness ;
Thy Spirit oft I've griev'd,
And brought upon me sore distress :
But as thy great compassion,
Extends to all the fallen race ;
In faith, I for salvation,
Will humbly look through sov'reign grace.
- 3 Here like apostate Peter,
My tears I shed, I make my moan ;
Pity thy faithless creature,
Dear Lord, and break this heart of stone :
Accept of my petition,
Thy pardon to my soul reveal ;
Thou great, thou good Physician,
Hear, and my wounded spirit heal.

4 All glory to the Saviour,
 Who shed for me his precious blood ;
 I feel I'm in his favour,
 That I am his, and he's my God :
 Much I have been forgiven,
 And while on earth much may I love,
 And find my way to heaven,
 And join the blood wash'd throng above.

5 There through the starry regions,
 To sound aloud redeeming grace ;
 And with celestial legions,
 Raise anthems of immortal praise :
 For ever freed from sadness,
 To sing, and shout for evermore ;
 Where all is joy and gladness,
 On that eternal happy shore.

LXXI.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 O THOU God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin ;
 Mov'd to this by great compassion,
 Yearning bowels from within ;
 I will praise thee,
 Where shall I thy praise begin ?

2 While the angel-choirs are crying,
 Glory to the great I AM :

I with them would still be vying,
Glory, glory, to the Lamb ;
O how precious,
Is the sound of Jesus' name !

3 Now I see with joy and wonder,
Whence the healing stream arose ;
Angel minds are lost to ponder,
Dying loves' mysterious cause ;
Yet the blessing,
Down to all, to me it flows.

4 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,
He almighty grace hath shown ;
Pardon'd guilt, and purchas'd favour,
This he makes to mortals known :
Give him glory,
Glory, glory, is his own.

5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd they mixt the throng ;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy' song :
Hallelujah,
Love, and praise to Christ belong.

LXXII.

The New Birth.

- 1 **A**WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in sin and guilt I found ;
And knew not where to go ;
O'erwhelm'd with sin and guilt was slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood but could not tell,
What way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near :
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain,
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 Then to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find :
This sacred truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A painful heavy load ;
At last I read, and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I hear with raptures tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare ;
But when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
 I sunk in deep despair.

6 And while I thus despairing lay,
The blessed Jesus pass'd that way,
 I felt his pity move ;
The sinner by his law thus slain,
Lo ! by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

7 To heav'n the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
 And loftier notes did raise ;
All hail the Lamb, that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions born again,
 Shall shout thy endless praise.

8 Let ev'ry soul that loves to sing,
Unite with me to praise their King,
 In this our happy day ;
May Sinai's thunder now awake,
And sinners hearts begin to quake,
 For this let Christians pray.

9 May souls despairing of thy face,
Just now be bless'd with pard'ning grace.
 And come with mighty pow'r ;

O drive the devil from his post,
 With all his black infernal host,
 And then distil the show'r.

LXXIII.

The Pilgrim.

- 1 COME all you mourning pilgrims dear,
 That's bound for Canaan's land ;
 Take courage and fight valiantly,
 Stand fast with sword in hand :
 For Jesus is our Captain,
 The Father's only Son ;
 So pilgrims dear don't let us fear,
 But let us follow on.
- 2 Through this dark howling wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore ;
 Beset with droughts, and pits and snares,
 Where chilling winds do roar :
 But Jesus will go with us,
 And guard us by the way ;
 If enemies examine us,
 He'll teach us what to say.
- 3 Good morning brother traveller,
 Pray tell me what's your name ;
 Likewise where you are going,
 Also from whence you came ?
 My name it is bold Pilgrim,
 To Canaan I am bound ;

I came from the howling wilderness,
From that enchanted ground.

- 4 O, what is that upon your head?
That shines so clear and bright;
Likewise the cov'ring of your breast,
'Tis dazzling to my sight :
What kind of shoes are those your wear,
On which you boldly stand ?
Likewise that shining instrument ?
You hold in your right hand.

- 5 'Tis glorious hope upon my head,
This on my breast my shield ;
With this bright sword I mean to fight,
Until I win the field :
My feet are shod with gospel peace,
On which I boldly stand ;
Resolv'd to fight until I die,
To win fair Canaan's land

- 6 Young man, you'd better go with me,
And give your journey o'er ;
Your Captain is now out of sight,
His face you'll see no more :
My name it is Appolyon,
This land belongs to me ;
And for your arms and Pilgrim's dress,
I'll give them all to thee.

- 7 No, no, says the bold Pilgrim,
Your offers I disdain ;

For crowns of glitt'ring glory,
 I shortly shall obtain,
 If I but hold out faithful,
 To my dear Lord's command ;
 I jointly shall be with him,
 On Canaan's richest land.

- 8 Behold the mantling towers bright,
 Around the dazzling pole ;
 And glitt'ring crowns of glory,
 To adorn my happy soul :
 The trees of life, the heavenly fruit,
 Behold how thick they stand ;
 Blow gentle gales my soul away,
 To Canaan's peaceful land.

LXXIV.

Friendship.—First Part.

- 1 THE reason we love friendship,
 We will deny to no man ;
 Then how shall, how shall, how shall we,
 Who are thus form'd for happiness,
 E'er slight the loving Christian ;
 Since Jesus, Jesus, hath dy'd on the tree :
 To rescue fallen man,
 From sin and condemnation ;
 That we might love each other,
 And seek our souls salvation :
 'Twas love that mov'd the Son of God,

For to redeem the nations ;
That happy, happy, we might be.

2 On the feast day, in ancient times,
Jesus stood thus crying ;
Whoso thirsteth, let every man,
Come now to me, and freely drink,
And thus be sav'd from dying ;
For surely, surely, nothing else can,
Quench that immortal flame,
That's in your hearts a glowing,
Come then and drink the streams of bliss,
Which now are freely flowing :
O come ye thirsty souls and drink,
For you my grace is flowing,
Then happy, happy, you shall be.

3 Let us who have begun to taste,
The sweets of this salvation,
Still follow, follow, follow on ;
Believing we shall overcome,
Resisting all temptation :
Since Jesus, Jesus, since Jesus the Son :
With outstretched arms,
And voice that's so inviting,
To purest streams of endless joys,
He's thus our souls exciting :
Let us impart to him our hearts,
By faith and love uniting,
Then happy, happy, we shall be.

LXXV.

Friendship.—Second Part.

- 1 **T**HE sacred ties of friendship
 Unite all loving Christians,
In glory, in glory they shall live :
No time nor place can change them,
And death can ne'er dissolve them,
United, united are they that believe :
When Gabriel's trump is sounding,
And conquer'd death resigning,
The scatter'd dust uniting,
The soul and body joining :
To part no more for ever,
And glory realizing ;
Then happy, happy we shall be.
- 2 The bliss exquisite flowing,
 The friends of Jesus shouting,
Such raptures, raptures flow from his word ;
The angels join in concert,
While Jesus stands inviting,
Come ye blessed, blessed of the Lord :
The kingdom now inherit,
Prepar'd from earth's foundation,
For every soul of fallen man ;
Who would accept salvation,
And bliss ineffable enjoy,
Throughout immense duration ;
And happy, happy you shall be.

3 The sinner now lamenting,
 Beholds the grand procession,
 Marching, marching, to the dazzling throne :
 With anguish'd soul repenting,
 Beholds his fatal folly,
 Farewell, farewell, for ever I'm undone :
 See there a dear relation,
 A godly friend and neighbour,
 Who sought their soul's salvation,
 Now reap their pious labour :
 While I am lost for ever,
 On wayes of endless sorrow ;
 And torment, torment is for ever mine.

LXXVI.

For a Camp Meeting.

- 1 THE trump of the gospel resounds through the land,
 Repent, for the kingdom of heavens' at hand ;
 Awake thou that sleepest, arise from the dead,
 And Christ shall enlighten thy heart and thy head.
- 2 While the rich, poor, wise, simple, the aged and youth,
 In the north, south and west, are embracing the truth ;
 Bring near heavenly Father, to us the glad hour,
 The times of refreshing, the day of thy pow'r.

- 3 With bowels of mercy, O Jesus survey,
 The great congregation assembled to-day ;
 Of various tenets the price of thy blood,
 Who all have revolted and wander'd from God.
- 4 With the cloud of thy glory o'ershadow the whole,
 A deep veneration impress on each soul ;
 And strengthen thy servant's thy word to proclaim,
 And work for the honour and praise of thy name.
- 5 In copious effusion thy free spirit shed,
 Requicken the living and quicken the dead ;
 Thy image celestial on penitents stamp,
 And waken the shout of a king in the camp.
- 6 Bring bigotry prostrate, like Dagan of old,
 O'erturn Satan's kingdom, thy standard unfold ;
 And raise up an army, thy name to adore,
 While lifes' current flows, and when time is no more.

LXXVII.

The Saint's Preference.

1 **T**O thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
 But not for golden store ;
 Nor covet I the brightest name,
 On all the eastern shore.

2 Nor that deluding empty joy,
 Tack'd to a mighty name ;

Nor greatness in its gayest pride,
My restless thoughts inflame.

3 Nor pleasures soft enticing charms,
My fond desires allure ;
For greater than these from thee,
My wishes would secure.

4 Those blissful, those transporting smiles,
That brighten heaven above ;
The boundless riches of thy grace,
And treasures of thy love.

5 These are the mighty things I crave,
O make these blessings mine ;
And I the glories of the world,
Contentedly resign.

6 Immortal fountain of my life,
My last and noblest end ;
Eternal centre of my soul,
Where all its motions tend.

7 Thou object of my dearest love,
My heavenly Paradise ;
The spring of all my flowing joys,
My everlasting bliss.

8 My God, my hope, my vast reward,
And all I would possess ;
Still more than those exalted names,
Which charming words express.

LXXVIII.

The Christian Soldier.

- 1 **A** SOLDIER of the cross am I,
Assur'd of certain victory ;
Though numerous foes against me rise,
To keep me from the glorious prize ;
For Jesus is my constant friend,
 O, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Jesus will my cause defend. .
- 2 I take my helmet, sword and shield,
And boldly march into the field ;
Though earth and hell my march oppose,
I'll stand against my envious foes ;
For Jesus is my constant Friend,
 O, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Jesus will my cause defend.
- 3 While passing through this vale of tears,
Beset with dangers, pits and snares ;
I onward move at his command,
And hope to reach the promis'd land :
 For Jesus, &c.
- 4 By faith I climb where Moses stood,
And take a look beyond the flood ;
The joys of Paradise I see,
The bliss my Saviour bought for me:
 O Jesus, &c.

Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look and live.

LXXXI.

On one Stone shall be Seven Eyes.

- 1 JESUS Christ the Lord's anointed,
 Who his blood for sinners spilt ;
 Is the stone, by God appointed,
 And the Church on whom is built :
 He delivers all who trust him, from their guilt.
- 2 Many eyes at once are fix'd,
 On a person so divine ;
 Love with awful justice mix'd ;
 In his great redemption shine :
 Mighty Jesus, give me leave to call thee mine.
- 3 By the Father's eye approved,
 Lo ! a voice is heard from heav'n ;
 Sinners this is my beloved,
 For your ransom freely given :
 All offences for his sake shall be forgiv'n :
- 4 Angels with their eyes puru'd him,
 When he left his glorious throne ;
 With astonishment they view'd him,
 Put the form of servant on : [known.
 Angels worshipp'd him, who was on earth un-

- 5 Satan and his host amazed,
 Saw this stone in Zion laid ;
 Jesus, though to death abased,
 Bruis'd the subtle serpent's head :
 When to save us, on the cross his blood he shed.
- 6 When a guilty sinner sees him,
 While he looks his soul is heal'd ;
 Soon this sight from anguish frees him,
 And imparts a pardon seal'd :
 May this Saviour be to all our hearts reveal'd.
- 7 With desire and admiration,
 All his blood bought flock, behold
 Him, who wrought out their salvation,
 And enclos'd them in his fold :
 Yet their warmest love and praises are too cold.
- 8 By the eye of carnal reason,
 Many view him with disdain ;
 How will they abide the season,
 When he'll come with all his train : [vain.
 To escape him, then, they'll wish and wish in
- 9 How their hearts will melt and tremble,
 When they hear his awful voice ;
 But his saints he'll then assemble,
 As his portion and his choice :
 And receive them to his everlasting joys.

LXXXII.

The Penitent pleading for Pardon.

- 1 **T**HY mercies, Lord, to thousands dear,
 Have sounded loud and reach'd my ear ;
 O, speak in mercy unto me,
 And let me thy salvation see.
- 2 Before thy throne I now appear,
 Loaded with guilt and full of fear ;
 With eyes and lifted hands now cry,
 O shew me mercy lest I die.
- 3 This sov'reign act of thine I plead,
 Since thou hast shewed me my need ;
 Of help through Jesus, thy dear Son,
 Have mercy Lord, or I'm undone.
- 4 Almighty God be not severe,
 To mark my sin lest I despair ;
 Of mercy, mercy, hear my cry,
 And save a soul condemn'd to die.
- 5 A gleam of hope hath reach'd my mind,
 Thy promises are sure and kind ;
 To every soul who does repent,
 And timely do their sins lament.
- 6 O Lord, thou know'st that I'm sincere,
 O let me find thy mercy near ;

Pardon my sin and set me free,
That I may now rejoice in thee.

LXXXIII.

A sense of Pardon through the atonement of Christ.

- 1 **T**HY boundless mercy Lord I sing,
Good news from heav'n did angels bring;
That blessed theme I'll sing and tell,
'Twas Jesus sav'd my soul from hell.
- 2 When wrapt in nature's gloom of night,
And fond of darkness more than light;
Shut up in unbelief and pride,
'This truth was dark, by me deny'd.
- 3 But when the light of lights arose,
No pow'r in me could then oppose;
Convinc'd I was and brought to see,
That Jesus dy'd to set me free.
- 4 Emancipation then I plead,
From sin, and hell, and from the dead;
And through the pow'r of faith divine,
Like globes enligh'tned rose and shine.
- 5 O may I feel and always know,
From whence this healing stream doth flow;
Through whom this pardon is obtain'd,
And heavenly understanding gain'd.

- 6 That I to him may bow the knee,
 Who came to set poor captives free ;
 And sing of his redeeming love,
 And join my song with that above.

LXXXIV.

Living by Faith connected with Works.

- 1 **B**Y faith I live, by faith I see,
 That Jesus gave his life for me ;
 By faith I venture on his grace,
 And through his blood my sins efface.
- 2 Yet faith alone will not suffice,
 To bring me to that Paradise ;
 That heaven, where holy angels dwell,
 And souls redeem'd from death and hell.
- 3 Our works on earth are works of love,
 Which frame our minds for things above,
 And if we would on Christ depend,
 His blessed voice we should attend.
- 4 To blend the two in one we see,
 How faith and works do sweet agree ;
 And through their influence we shall find,
 A God most gracious, good, and kind.
- 5 Then let us learn to watch and pray,
 And strive to walk the narrow way ;

And if we would true pleasure find,
Our sins must all be left behind.

- 6 Thus when we leave this world of woe,
A witness we shall leave below ;
That ages yet unborn may see,
The right we have to liberty.

LXXXV.

Public Worship.

- 1 **B**Y thy permission, gracious Lord,
We have assembled here ;
O may thy Spirit now descend,
And form our hearts to pray'r.
- 2 O may the Spirit's holy fire,
Inflame our hearts to praise ;
And heavenly love fill every soul,
And in this ancient days.
- 3 Awake each tuneful heart to sing,
Thy mercies love and pow'r ;
And let thy Spirit fall on us,
Just like a fruitful show'r.
- 4 Behold the purchase of thy blood,
Dear Saviour now draw near ;
And may thy gentle ear attend,
The mourner's softest pray'r.

5 Let holy fire inflame our hearts,
 And purge away our dross ;
 That from this hour we may take up,
 The consecrated cross.

6 May ev'ry soul of ev'ry class,
 Receive a quick'ning pow'r ;
 And bless the day that gave them birth,
 To see this blessed hour.

LXXXVI.

Public Worship.

1 LET awful pow'r arrest,
 Each proud rebellious heart ;
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break each rocky heart.

2 O bid the tempter flee,
 From hence bid him remove ;
 Inspire us with a holy zeal,
 His subjects to reprove.

May thunder claps be heard,
 From Sinai's awful hill ;
 That all who hear, may start and fear
 To oppose thy holy will.

4 May ev'ry knee be bow'd,
 And worship paid to him ;

Who came his people for to save,
The world for to redeem.

5 Enlarge each heart this day,
Prepare thyself a place ;
That where the devil long hath reign'd,
May be the reign of grace.

6 Unto this happy end,
We'll sing, and pray, and preach,
And while thy servants sow the seed.
O may thy Spirit teach.

LXXXVII.

Public Worship.

1 FATHER, omnipotent divine,
Now let thy glory round us shine ;
May midnight darkness take its flight,
Those gloomy shades of natures' night.

2 Bid discord, passion, clamour cease,
Disturb no more the sons of peace ;
Let pure seraphic love inflame,
Our souls to bless thy holy name.

3 The pow'rs of earth and hell unite,
To discompose our minds and fright ;
But thou can'st disconcert their plan,
And humble the proud looks of man.

- 4 Inspire the stamm'ring tongue to tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell ;
How sin is damn'd and sinners sav'd,
Who were by Beelzebub enslav'd.
- 5 Bring near, bring near, that joyful hour,
When sinners, Lord, shall feel thy power ;
When all infernal pow'rs shall flee,
And Jesus gain the victory.
- 6 Why not this moment, Lord, descend,
And shew thyself the sinners friend ?
O speak, and just now give command,
Then no infernal pow'rs shall stand.

LXXXVIII.

On John iii. 16.

- 1 Y E sons of God, your tongues employ,
And spread the rapt'rous sound ;
Ye angels join the gen'ral joy,
And bear the echo round.
- 2 We sing of Him who reigns above
On heav'n's imperial throne ;
We praise the God of boundless love,
And make his mercy known.
- 3 Salvation to Jehovah's name
With grateful hearts we sing,

And join our voices to proclaim
The love of Israel's King,

4 Down from the worlds of radiant light
Behold the Saviour come,
To ransom souls from endless night,
And bring the wand'lers home.

5 He calls us to his dear embrace;
From mis'ry and despair:
Bids us receive his wond'rous grace,
And seek salvation there.

6 We come, Emanuel, at thy call,
Believe thy gladd'ning word;
Renounce our sins, ourselves, our all,
And glory in our Lord.

7 Immortal praise to God belongs,
For such unfathom'd love:
Join all below in rapt'rous songs,
And shout ye hosts above.

LXXXIX.

On Rev. ii. 13.

1 BRETHREN, the Lord divinely wise
Knows all our works below,
The principle from which they rise,
The spring from whence they flow.

2 If good or bad the end may be,
 Whate'er we have in view ;
 Jesus doth all distinctly see,
 And will discover too.

3 Should we in false and evil dwell,
 Where Satan has his seat ;
 Or with infernals now in hell,
 In secret love to meet :

4 Our evils all he'll bring to light,
 Our every sin reveal,
 And with the wretched sons of night
 Our certain portion seal.

5 But if infernals dwell around,
 And we their pow'r oppose ;
 Firm in the cause of truth are found,
 And fight against our foes :

6 Jesus will all our steps defend,
 He'll keep our souls secure :
 From heav'n a full deliv'rance send,
 And make our vict'ry sure.

XCI.

On the same.

1 COME then, my brethren, fear no ill,
 Though Satan's seat is nigh ;
 Who Jesus saves not hell can kill,
 The faithful shall not die.

2 Jesus we own thy sov'reign name,
 Our only God we own :
 Nor hell can put our souls to shame,
 For thou art God alone.

3 Thy pow'r, thy truth and love we boast,
 We glory in thy word ;
 And though oppos'd by Satan's host,
 We'll not deny our Lord.

4 Thy truth to us is ever dear,
 More priz'd than mines of gold :
 Bold in thy ways we will appear,
 And firm thy doctrines hold.

5 Our faith in thee the God of love,
 Unshaken shall remain,
 And Satan's arts abortive prove,
 His malice all be vain.

6 Though persecuted for thy sake,
 We cheerful suffer loss ;
 Thee only for our portion take,
 And glory in thy cross.

XCI.

On Daniel ii. 44.

1 G REAT God, thy kingdom is begun,
 And thou wilt reign from sun to sun ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
 Thy kingdom stand, and fall no more.

- 2 Now all the boasting sons of pride
 From Jesu's presence seek to hide ;
 Usurpers tumble from their throne,
 And our Jehovah reigns alone.
- 3 The dragon mighty to devour,
 Who rul'd with a tyrannac pow'r ;
 The serpent cunning to decoy,
 The devil eager to destroy :
- 4 These all the Lord shall put to flight,
 And hell shall tremble at his sight :
 Kingdoms of darkness now must fall,
 And Jesus be the Lord of all.

XCII.

Love to Jesus.

- 1 COME, brethren, let us all enquire
 What we of Jesus know ;
 How much of love's celestial fire
 Doth in our bosoms glow.
- 2 Are we from hellish hatred freed,
 Our hearts and minds above ?
 With all our souls do we indeed
 Our God and Saviour love ?
- 3 The question's great, and must be known,
 Come try your souls again :

We must be rul'd by love alone,
Or all religion's vain.

4 What is religion? 'Tis to love
Our God with all the heart;
In charity with all men prove,
And good to them impart.

5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet,
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing mind, and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

6 Then let us all in love above abound,
And charity pursue;
Then shall we soon in heav'n be crown'd,
And love as angels do.

7 For ever there this holy fire
Shall all our passions raise;
And sweetly all our souls conspire,
To sing Jehovah's praise.

XCIII.

On Hope.

1 WE travel through a barren land,
With dangers thick on ev'ry hand;
But Jesus guides us through the vale,
The christian's hope can never fail.

- 2 Huge sorrows meet us as we go,
 And devils aim our overthrow ;
 But vile infernals can't prevail,
 The christian's hope shall never fail.
- 3 Sometimes we're tempted to despair,
 But Jesus makes us then his care ;
 Though devils may our souls assail,
 The christian's hope shall never fail.
- 4 We trust upon the sacred word,
 The oath and promise of our Lord ;
 And safely through each tempest sail ;
 The christian's hope can never fail.

XCIV.

A funeral Hymn on the real Christian.

- 1 SEE slow and solemn move along,
 The weeping kindred, gazing throng ;
 A friend is dead, belov'd and dear,
 And nature weeps the tender tear.
- 2 But say ye kindred, tell us why,
 Ye heave that melancholy sigh ?
 He is not dead, but lives above,
 In worlds of light and endless love.
- 3 He only drops his flesh and blood,
 His soul is gone to dwell with God ;

With him to be for ever bless'd,
With deathless life, and endless rest.

- 4 Say not he's dead, he lives indeed ;
Throw off the sable mourning weed :
Let ev'ry pensive tear be dry,
And sing your friend to worlds on high.
- 5 He leaves his rags of flesh behind,
From dust they came, to dust resign'd ;
In body spiritual appears,
And walks, and talks, and sees, and hears.
- 6 The silent grave we cheerful leave,
And for our friend no longer grieve ;
We soon shall end this life of pain,
And joyful meet our friend again.

XCV.

On Isa. xl. 1, 2.

- 1 Y E mourning souls, with grief oppress'd,
From ev'ry sorrow rise ;
Look to the Lord, ye shall be bless'd,
And dry your weeping eyes.
- 2 Have ye your lot where sins abound,
Where men their God forget ;
Where vile infernals do surround,
And thorns and snares are set ?

- 3 Still heav'nly comfort is your own,
Jehovah will appear ;
And love and mercy from his throne,
Shall be your portion here.
- 4 Do strong temptations rise and swell,
And Satan's host assail ;
Do all the raging pow'rs of hell
Determine to prevail ?
- 5 Take comfort, then, your help is nigh,
Attend the holy word ;
Your God shall make their armies fly ;
“I'll save you,” saith the Lord.
- 6 The time appointed, lo ! appears,
Jesus your conflict knows ;
He'll save you from your trembling fears,
And crush your cruel foes.

XCVI.

On Public Worship.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy sacred feet
Joyful would we appear ;
Within thy earthly temple meet,
To see thy glory here.
- 2 We come to worship thee,
For thou art God alone ;

In humble prayer to bend the knee,
Before thy holy throne.

- 3 Thy word is our delight,
Thy truth will make us free ;
'Tis from thyself a heavenly light,
It leads our souls to thee.
- 4 Thy goodness we behold,
While in thy presence, Lord ;
Thy wond'rous truth and love unfold,
The treasures of thy word.
- 5 In all our meetings here,
Our souls are bless'd with good ;
Thou wilt to waiting minds be near,
And give thy children food !
- 6 So will we render praise
To thee, the God of love ;
With pleasure walk in all thy ways,
Till we shall meet above.

XCVII.

Man with Devils or Angels while here.

- 1 WHILE in this lower world we dwell,
We're either join'd to heaven or hell ;
Infernals our companions prové,
Or angels from the courts of love.

- 2 Momentous subject ! well to know,
 To which of these we're join'd below !
 If devils our associates are,
 We must their awful mis'ry share.
- 3 But if with angels we are join'd
 In heart, in will, in thought and mind ;
 With them we shall for ever prove
 Their heaven of boundless joy and love.
- 4 Dear Lord, we rise to things divine,
 Our heart and life shall now be thine ;
 Then angels will with joy descend,
 And all our happy paths attend.
- 5 When from this earthly frame we move,
 We shall be join'd with those we love ;
 Angels our bless'd companions be,
 And all be happy, Lord, with thee.

XCVIII.

The Way to be Happy.

- 1 WOULDST thou, my soul, to heav'n arise,
 And live with angels there ?
 Then all of sin and self despise,
 And for that world prepare !
- 2 Wouldst thou be happy ? first be pure,
 This only is the way ;

Only that man can heav'n insure,
Who doth his God obey.

3 Boast not of wisdom, faith alone,
Or say you're justified,
Through what the blessed Lord hath done,
Because for you he died.

4 He died to conquer all thy foes,
To set the captive free ;
O'er death and hell victorious rose,
And this he did for thee.

5 Now love his name, in him believe,
Thyself and sin forsake ;
Obey his laws, his truth receive,
And his example take.

6 Thou must be holy, righteous, pure,
And serve thy God in love ;
And faithful to the end endure,
If thou wilt reign above.

7 Lord, I confess this is the way,
No other will I own ;
I'll love thy name, thy laws obey,
And trust thee for my throne.

XCIX.

Christians living amongst wicked men and fallen Professors.

- 1 WE dwell among the sons of night,
Where Satan holds his throne ;
Thick clouds have veil'd the heav'nly light,
And darkness rules alone.
- 2 Mankind are strangers to the truth,
By evil led astray ;
And all from hoary hairs to youth,
Run on the downward way.
- 3 Oaths, curses, blasphemies, and lies,
Are found on ev'ry tongue ;
To heav'n the dreadful vollies rise,
From aged and from young.
- 4 Yet here awhile our souls must dwell,
O may we keep them pure !
And in the very mouth of hell,
Make our salvation sure !
- 5 Our God will guide us by his light,
Our ev'ry step defend !
Lead us in all that's good and right,
And be our guardian friend !

C.

The foolish Virgins.

- 1 FOR heav'n how many will pretend,
Profess the word the Lord hath penn'd ;
The doctrines of the gospel own,
And fondly hope to share a throne.
- 2 The lamp of truth they seem to take,
A splendid fair profession make ;
Much they believe, and much they know,
Talk much, and make a wond'rous shew.
- 3 But lo ! the oil of love divine,
With doctrines they forget to join :
Of faith they boast, and faith alone,
But love and goodness are not known.
- 4 The midnight cry these virgins hear,
The heav'nly groom approaches near ;
The foolish virgins now too late
Perceive their folly and their state.
- 5 To wiser virgins, lo ! they run,
“ Give us your oil, or we're undone.”
But here repuls'd, too late they try
To purchase that which none can buy.
- 6 Then, lo ! they hasten to the gate,
Knock hard, and for admittance wait,

"I know you not," the Lord replies,
Fools cannot enter with the wise.

- 7 Then from the gate they weeping turn,
Too late their sin and folly mourn :
With hypocrites for ever dwell,
'The worst and vilest state in hell.

C.I.

Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 MY soul, on wings of ardour rise,
Contemplate yonder happy skies,
Where all are bless'd with love ;
Fain to this kingdom I would soar,
The world, the world, can charm no more,
I rise to realms above.
- 2 Behold Jerusalem the new,
In all it's glory stand to view,
Before my wond'ring eyes !
What beams unutterable shine,
What nameless glories all divine,
In beauteous grandeur rise !
3. The splendid palaces behold,
Glitt'ring with precious stones and gold,
Built by the living God !
Parterrers and groves in velvet green,
And golden fruit luxuriant seen,
Around each grand abode !

4 Ten thousand harps of gold are strung,
 Jehovah's love in anthems sung,
 With extacy of heart ;
 The soft enchanting echoes roll,
 Divinely charming to the soul,
 And pleasing joys impart.

5 Methinks I hear the rapt'rous lays,
 The pious songs of love and praise ;
 My soul is all on fire !
 I long to reach the happy land,
 With them in Jesu's presence stand,
 And swell the music higher.

CII.

Saints in the Lord's Hand.

1 R EJOICE, ye saints, no longer mourn,
 Let all your grief to gladness turn ;
 In Jesu's kingdom now ye stand,
 And ev'ry saint is in his hand.

2 Should storms and tempests dreadful rise,
 And clouds of darkness veil the skies ;
 Jehovah will the storm command,
 And ev'ry saint is in his hand.

3 Should fiends infernal rave and rage,
 And hell itself your soul engage ;
 Then with a noble courage stand,
 Your soul is safe in Jesu's hand.

- 4 Should keen affliction, pain, and loss,
Bear hard, and heavy be the cross ;
Fear not, you're in a desert land,
But quite secure in Jesu's hand.
- 5 Whate'er our troubles in the way,
Or storm, or foes, or night or day ;
We may with dauntless courage stand.
For Jesus holds us in his hand.
- 6 Should death approach with all it's train
Of glooms and horrors, fear and pain :
Around your bed will angels stand,
And Jesus raise you with his hand.

CIII.

The Pleasures of Religion.

- 1 **I**S virtue here expos'd to snares,
To wily envious foes ?
Shall the good man be try'd with cares,
And oft depress'd with woes ?
- 2 Such on his way no doubt he'll meet,
In this ungodly night ;
But these he treads beneath his feet,
And puts his foes to flight.
- 3 The nobler pleasures of the mind
Are permanent and sure ;
All troubles soon are left behind,
But endless those endure.

- 4 Then let the sensual sinner boast
 Of short-liv'd, base delight ;
 There but a moment at the most,
 And end in dreadful night.
- 5 My soul, pursue the path of peace,
 Religion's joys attend ;
 For these for ever will increase,
 They never, never end.
- 6 These only can the bliss bestow,
 Immortal souls should prove ;
 From one short word all pleasures flow,
 That blessed word is *Love*.

GIV.

Forsaking all for the Lord. Luke xviii. 28.

1 'T IS mercy bids us all forsake,
 Whate'er that all implies ;
 And mercy's counsel we shall take,
 If we are truly wise.

2 Our carnal lusts, the pride of life,
 All base and low desires,
 All hatred, anger, envy, strife,
 Those vile infernal fires.

3 Yea, all that would our ruin prove,
 Whate'er the evil be ;

Nor longer madly place our love
On death and misery.

4 Indulgent God, how wond'rous kind !
How small is thy request !
We give up all with willing mind,
To be for ever bless'd !

5 But little can we give for heav'n,
But little can we do ;
But thou thyself to us hast giv'n,
And all thy kingdom too !

6 Here, Lord, we give the all the heart,
The gift is mean and poor ;
Accept it, Lord, and then impart
Thyself ;—we ask no more !

CV.

The Complaint.

WHEN will my ev'ry fear
Be banished from my mind ?
When shall my clouded sky be clear
From tempest, storm, and wind ?

2 How oft I sit and sigh
Beneath some heavy load !
My hopes, my joys, my comforts die,
And dark is my abode.

3 I grieve and I complain,
Oppress'd with doubts and fears ;
I look for comfort, but in vain,
Still I am drown'd in tears.

4 O where's my faith in him,
Who all my sorrow knows ;
Who can with mighty pow'r redeem
My soul from all it's woes !

CVI.

On the same.

1 'T IS surely good for me,
To bear my Father's rod !
And sure I shall salvation see,
From my almighty God !

2 He will subdue my grief,
When I am purified ;
He'll kindly give my soul relief,
When I have lost my pride.

3 But O ! this evil heart,
This haughty soul of mine,
It needs correction keen, and smart,
A painful discipline.

4 To all my Saviour's will
I cheerfully submit ;

Beneath his hand my soul be still,
And humble at his feet.

- 5 He will thy soul restore,
From sin and sorrow free ;
Then shalt thou bear the cross no more,
But sing the victory.

CVII.

The Relief, or Answer.

- 1 **B**UT now a cheering beam
Of hope revives my breast ;
The stormy skies more placid seem,
And indicate a rest.
- 2 My many fears subside,
My burdens lighter prove ;
My hatred, envy, lust, and pride,
Are lost in humble love.
- 3 I feel the ardent fire,
The light and heat divine !
I feel the strong intense desire,
Dear Saviour, to be thine.
- 4 Now, now I can submit
To bear the friendly rod ;
In humble resignation sit,
Submissive to my God.

5 My grief shall turn to joy,
 My enemies be slain ;
 And I shall all my pow'rs employ,
 To praise my God again.

6 Ye mourning souls believe,
 When tempted, try'd, distress'd ;
 Salvation you shall soon receive,
 And be for ever bless'd.

CVIII.

Doubting the Truth and Faithfulness of God.

1 DEAR Lord, thou hast reveal'd thy love,
 And taught thy truth to me ;
 But O, how faithless do I prove,
 I scarce can credit thee !

2 What infidelity of mind,
 How much we doubt thee, Lord !
 That thou art neither true, nor kind,
 Nor wilt fulfil thy word.

3 Thou know'st our unbelief and fears,
 And to remove them both,
 To all thy promises appears
 Thy own most sacred oath.

4 O how can we thy name adore,
 Thou ever-loving Lord !

Dear Saviour, what couldst thou do more,
To make us trust thy word?

5 Enough, great God, no more we crave,
Thy promises are sure ;
And those thou wilt for ever save,
Who to the end endure.

6 On thy own truth I will rely,
'Tis like thyself, divine :
Thy promises I will apply,
And thankful call them mine.

CIX.

Against the Calvinian Doctrine.

1 THOU God of mercy, loving, kind,
To save the fallen race inclin'd ;
Mercy and love are thy delight,
And all thy ways are just and right.

2 Can Christ our God a Moloch be,
Pleas'd with his creatures' misery ?
Dooming nine-tenths of men that fell,
To burning flames and endless hell ?

3 A God in wrath and vengeance dress'd,
In rage which cannot be express'd ?
Decreeing urborn souls to death ;
Long ere they sinn'd, or drew their breath ?

- 4 No, Lord, thy name and nature's love,
To all mankind thy bowels move ;
Thy saving grace for all is free,
And none are doom'd to misery.
- 5 Those only who thy love abuse,
And madly all thy grace refuse,
Shall into endless darkness go,
'Tis all the heav'n they wish to know.
- 6 Lord, set the erring Christians right,
Teach them thy truth, thy truth is light ;
Then will they know, and feel, and prove,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

CX.

Meditation and Retirement profitable.

- 1 HOW sweet the minutes roll,
At home or when abroad ;
While holding converse with my soul,
My kingdom and my God !
- 2 Adieu, ye busy streets,
Ye scenes of mirth and noise ;
The silent hour, the still retreats,
Have more substantial joys.
- 3 On contemplation's wings
Can rise the active mind ;

Explore with joy celestial things,
And leave the world behind.

4 What raptures fire the breast,
While God and heav'n are near !
I seem to stand among the bless'd,
And joys divine appear !

5 Creation smiles around,
The scene is peace and love ;
The groves and lawns with music sound,
From angels' songs above.

6 My soul is all on fire,
I long for their abode ;
I spurn this earth, to heav'n aspire,
And pant for none but God !

7 O happy solitude,
The silent still retreat !
No earthly passions here obtrude,
The world's beneath my feet.

8 In such a state as this
My soul w^{ld} joyful rest ;
Till rais'd to yonder land of bliss,
To be more richly bless'd.

CXI.

Victory over Satan, Death, and Hell.

- 1 **R**ISE, holy, happy Christian, rise,
Your noble vict'ry sing;
And send your praises to the skies,
To your all conqu'ring King.
- 2 The devil once a captive led
Thy soul in all his ways;
Thy God hath bruis'd the serpent's head,
And he shall have the praise!
- 3 My soul hath been with fears distress'd,
When death hath stood to view;
But Jesus hath my soul releas'd
From all those terrors too.
- 4 No more the gloomy hour I fear,
I'll pass the solemn vale;
Jesus my God is with me there,
O'er death I shall prevail.
- 5 The awful regions of the dead,
The sinner's last abode,
Can give my happy soul no dread,
For I shall live with God.
- 6 O'er Satan, sin, and death, and hell,
I shall triumphant rise;

If worlds in dread convulsions rise,
He calmly views the angry skies.

5 No awful tempest can alarm,
He stands secure from fear or harm ;
A wall of fire protects him round,
In Jesu's hands his soul is found.

6 O thou divinest mighty Friend,
Before thy throne I humble bend ;
This calm and peaceful state I prove,
This heav'n within, of peace and love.

CXIV.

For the Recovery of a Friend from Affliction.

1 **H**OW many sorrows wait around,
Like formidable foes !
And fallen nature deeply wound,
With keen and heavy woes !

2 Upon our friend the iron rod
Was long and grievous laid ;
But he who is the mighty God,
Hath sent his friendly aid.

3 While in the furnace, mercy prov'd
His kind and cordial friend ;
His sore afflictions all remov'd,
And bid his sorrows end.

- 4 The Father's hand which doth chastise,
 Can sinking nature save ;
 And bid the feeble body rise,
 When bending o'r the grave.
- 5 To him the grateful tribute give,
 Of humble, ardent praise ;
 To him alone we'll thankful live,
 Our residue of days.

- 6 The Lord will own the pious vows,
 Of this our friend restor'd !
 Accept our off'rings in this house,
 And be his name ador'd !

CXV.

The Christian's Entrance into the Spiritual World.

- 1 BUT O ! what wonders, strange and new,
 Will meet my ravish'd eyes !
 What scenes delightful stand to view,
 In those more happy skies !
- 2 What shall I do, or think, or say,
 When by some angel's hand
 I'm led along the heav'ly way,
 In that eternal land ?
- 3 What wonder, rapture, joy, and love,
 Will all my soul pervade,

When in some paradise I rove,
Or sit beneath the shade !

- 4 And O, what infinite delight,
When golden harps are strung !
And by the morning stars of light,
Jehovah's praise is sung !

CXVI.

On the same.

AND when divine instructions flow
From these angelic choirs ;
And they shall teach my soul to know
What now my soul desires :

- 2 How will rejoice this heart of mine,
To hear the tale of love !
While they with eloquence divine
My ev'ry cloud remove.

- 3 But ah ! I'm lost in wonder now ;
Dear Lord, what shall I be !
When in thy presence I shall bow,
And thy vast glory see ?

- 4 I'll joyful wait my time below,
With holy zeal prepare ;
Then fly with joy when call'd to go,,
And join the angels there.

CXVII.

Faith alone exploded.

- 1 VAIN man, by error, led astray,
Has fondly dre'm'd of heav'n ;
That he's an heir of endless day,
And all his sins forgiv'n.
- 2 And why? because he has believ'd
That Jesus surely bled ;
And from the scriptures too receiv'd
Some knowledge in the head.
- 3 He now depends on faith alone,
His sins are all forgiv'u,
He's sure to sit upon a throne,
And has do doubt of heav'n.
- 4 If such a faith be all your boast,
Your boasting is in vain ;
Your hopes of heav'n will all be lost,
And you lie down in pain.
- 5 Faith is no faith, if heav'nly love
And goodness be not join'd ;
Your hopes will all abortive prove,
And vanish in the wind.
- 6 Give me the faith that is divine,
The life of which is love ;

To this a holy walk we'll join,
Then hope for heav'n above.

CXVIII.

Persecutions, or the wicked Enemies to the Righteous. See the cxlth Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE man who fears the Lord,
And walks in wisdom's ways ;
Whose life directed by the word,
Shews forth his Maker's praise :
- 2 This man shall surely find
A host of envious foes,
To harass and distress his mind,
And load his soul with woes.
- 3 The vile ungodly man,
With poison on his tongue,
Will scenes of cruel mischief plan,
To do the righteous wrong.
- 4 They lay the cursed snare,
His footsteps to betray ;
A thousand subtle wiles prepare,
And thus beset his way.
- 5 And could they but destroy
The man who fears his God ;
How would they boast with hellish joy,
And triumph in his blood !

6 We're safe in Jesu's hand,
 In ev'ry trying hour ;
 He is the rock on which we stand,
 Our refuge and our tower !

CXIX.

On the same.

1 **M**Y God is ever nigh,
 He will my life defend :
 My foes at thy rebuke shall fly
 O my almighty Friend !

2 I will not yield to fear,
 Nor dread what men can do ;
 In every troubl'~ thou art near,
 And wilt deliver too.

3 Thou art my God alone,
 And thou wilt hear my voice ;
 Oft thy salvation I have known,
 In thee I could rejoice.

4 I still thy goodness trust,
 And in thy pow'r confide ;
 Thy daring foes shall die accurs'd,
 And perish in their pride.

5 While those who fear thy name,
 Shall triumph in thy love ;

And when their foes are cloth'd with shame,
Sing victory above.

- 6 Thou wilt the cause maintain,
 Of all thy humble poor ;
Soon in thy kingdom they shall reign,
 And ev'ry cross be o'er.

CXX.

On the departure of a pious and faithful Female Friend.

- 1 FAREWELL, dear friend ! a long farewell !
 For we shall meet no more,
Till we are rais'd with thee to dwell
 On Zion's happier shore.
- 2 Our friend and sister, lo ! is dead,
 The cold and lifeless clay
Has made in dust it's silent bed,
 And there it must decay.
- 3 But is she dead ? No, no, she lives :
 Her nobler spirit flies
To heav'n above, and there receives
 The long-expected prize.
- 4 Methinks I see her joyful stand
 Before the God of heav'n :
He smiles—she enters Zion's Land,
 And her reward is giv'n.

5 In robes of innocence and love
 Her virgin soul is dress'd ;
 And all the angel hosts above
 Rejoice to see her bless'd.

6 Then let us dry our mournful tears,
 From gloomy grief refrain ;
 In heav'n our sister now appears,
 And will for ever reign.

7 A little while, and we shall go
 To yonder happy skies ;
 And join our friend we lov'd below,
 In everlasting joys.

8 Farewell, dear friend, again farewell !
 Soon we shall rise to thee ;
 And when we meet, no tongue can tell !
 How great our joy shall be !

CXXI.

On the same.

1 **A**H! late how full of trying pain
 Our now deliver'd friend !
 How oft we heard her thus complain,
 " When will my sorrows end !

2 " But to my heav'nly Father's will
 " Be all my spirit giv'n !

“ Peace, peace, my mourning soul be still,
 “ And wait awhile for heav’n ?”

3 But now how chang’d our sister’s state !
 She stands on Zion’s ground ;
 Her sorrows here were sharp and great ;
 But there her heav’n is found.

4 Angels the wond’ring soul attend,
 In pleasing converse join ;
 She now beholds her God and Friend,
 And basks in bliss divine.

5 Pain, sorrow, grief, and sin are o'er,
 They’re neither fear’d nor known ;
 She lives on a celestial shore,
 And heav’n is all her own.

6 Surely our souls would wish to die,
 For joys so great as these !
 We waiting stand, and long to fly,
 Whene’er our God shall please !

CXXII.

On the Death of a real Christian.

1 **A**H ! see that lifeless clay,
 ’Tis dead, and lives no more ;
 But lo ! the man has wing’d his way
 To Zion’s happy shore.

2 The flesh and blood are left,
The man is fled and gone ;
And of his cumb'rous load bereft,
A brighter form puts on.

3 His body though he gives
To feed the crawling worm ;
He now a nobler spirit lives,
In a substantial form.

4 There's nothing lost by death,
Except the lump of clay ;
Nor is the soul a puff of breath,
Like vapour blown away.

5 The spirit is the man,
Of ev'ry pow'r possess'd ;
A living substance now he stands,
And is for ever bless'd.

6 Then let us all rejoice,
Our friend and brother lives ;
With angels now he joins his voice,
And praise to Jesus gives.

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APPENDIX,

TO

WIATT'S

IMPARTIAL SELECTION

OF

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,

ON A VARIETY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING
SUBJECTS,

INCLUDING A NUMBER NEVER BEFORE
PUBLISHED.

Designed for the

SOCIAL AND PUBLIC WORSHIP OF GOD, AMONG ALL CLASSES OF CHRISTIANS.

Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice; and let men say among the nations, The Lord reigneth. 1 Chron. xvi. 31.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him all ye people.

Psa. cxvii. 1.

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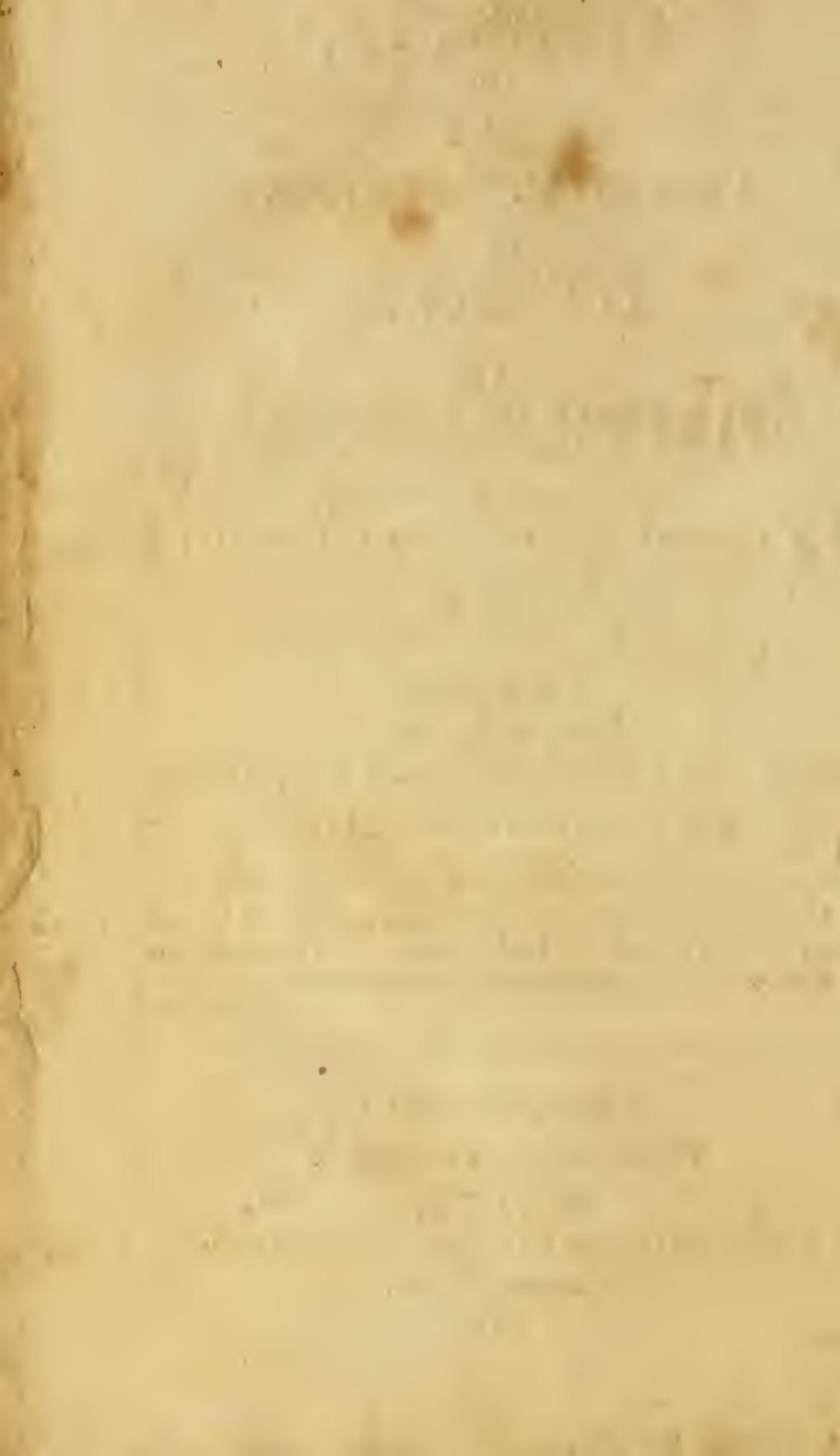
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APPENDIX,
TO
WIATT'S
IMPARTIAL SELECTION
OF
HYMNS
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

CXXIII.

- 1 JESUS, dear Saviour of mankind,
Draw near in love divine ;
That out of Zion, fruits of grace,
May in perfection shine.
- 2 Inspire thy servants for to teach,
And all thy saints to tell ;
The labours of thy dying love,
Their conquest over hell.
- 3 Disarm that spirit of his fires,
That kindles hell within ;
Cut short thy work in righteousness,
And make an end of sin.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

4 Thus while we prostrate bow to thee,
And pray'r ascends thy throne ;
Speak into being sons of light,
And claim them as thy own.

5 Let pure seraphic joy, and peace,
Fill ev'ry thirsty soul ;
And with thy gracious presence bless,
And sanctify the whole.

6 These blessings, Lord, we plead in faith,
Such favours, Lord, we need ;
That we might claim a right to heav'n,
When thus from bondage freed.

CXXIV.

Public Worship.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing,
My dear Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim ;
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;

'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood avail'd for me.

5 Look unto him, ye nations own
 Your God, ye fallen race ;
 Look, and be ye sav'd through faith alone,
 Be justify'd by grace.

6 See all your sins on Jesus laid !
 The Lamb of God was slain ;
 His soul was once an off'ring made
 For ev'ry soul of man.

7 With me, your Chief, ye then shall know
 Shall feel your sins forgiv'n ;
 Anticipate yo' r heav'n below,
 And own that love is heav'n.

CXXV.

Public Worship.

1 COME sinners to the gospel-feast
 Let ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest ;
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all ;
Come all the world ! come sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come all ye souls, by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'lers, after rest ;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message, as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ, and live ;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 6 His love is mighty to compel,
His conq'ring love consent to feel ;
Yield to his love's, resistless pow'r,
And fight against your God no more.
- 7 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice :
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.
- 7 This is the time ; no more delay,
This is the acceptable day ;
Come in this moment, at his call,
And live for him, who dy'd for all.

CXXVI.

Public Worship.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee ;
How feeble is our mortal state,
What dying worms we be.
- 2 Our wasting lives grows shorter still
As days and months increase,
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread,
Hang everlasting things ;
The eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Depends on ev'ry breath ;

And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death.

- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

CXXVII.

Public Worship.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe ;
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear.
- 2 Our caution'd souls prepare,
For that tremendous day ;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 3 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown ;
When rob'd in majesty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from heaven come down.
- 4 Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race ;
With all thy Father's daz'ling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

5 To damp our earthly joys,
 T' increase our gracious fears ;
 For ever let the archangel's voice,
 Be sounding in our ears.

6 The solemn midnight cry,
 Ye dead, the Judge is come ;
 Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom.

7 O may we thus be found,
 Obedient to his word ;
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord.

8 O may we thus ensure,
 A lot among the blest ;
 And watch a moment to secure,
 An everlasting rest.

CXXVIII.

Public Worship.

1 O, THAT I could my Lord receive,
 Who did the world redeem ;
 Who gave his life that I might live,
 A life conceal'd in him.

2 O, that I could the blessing prove,
 My heart's extreme desire ;

Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy, I ask, to seal my peace,
That kept by mercy's pow'r;
I may from ev'ry evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Now if thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now my sins remove;
And set my soul at liberty,
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand pray'rs
Thou pardoning God descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask to seal my peace,
Of all in earth, or heav'n;
But let me feel thy blood apply'd,
And live, and die forgiv'n.

CXXIX.

Public Worship.

1 **A**H! whither shall I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint.

2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah ! why do I delay ?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part ?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart ?

4 Some cursed thing unknown,
Must surely lurk within ;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.

5 Jesus the hindrance show,
Which I have fear'd to see ;
Yet let me now consent to know,
What keeps me out of thee.

6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying pow'r display ;
Into its darkest corner shine
And take the veil away.

7 I now believe in thee,
Compassion reigns alone ;
According to my faith to me,
O let it, Lord be done !

8 In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'st fain remove ?
Remove it, and I shall declare,
That God is only love.

CXXX.

Public Worship.

- 1 I WANT a principle within,
 Of jealous godly fear ;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve ;
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God my conscience make ;
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove ;
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having griev'd thy love.
- 5 O may the least omission pain,
 My well instructed soul ;
 And drive me to the blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.

CXXXI.

Public Worship.

- 1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer,
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above,
Can make a heav'nly place;
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;

No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul

8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire ;
And yet how far from thee I lie !
Dear Jesus raise me higher.

CXXXII.

Public Worship.

1 LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you, Christ suffer'd pain ;
Swearers for you, his spilt his blood,
And shall he bleed in vain.

2 Misers, his life for you he paid,
Your basest crimes he bore ;
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid
That you might sin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came
That you might come to heav'n ;
Believe, believe in Jesus name,
And ail your sins forgiv'n.

4 Believe in him who dy'd for thec,
 And sure as he hath dy'd,
 Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
 And thou art justify'd.

CXXXIII.

Public Worship.

1 **A** W A K E, Jerusalem, awake,
 No longer in thy sins lie down ;
 The garments of salvation take,
 Thy beauty and thy strength, put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
 And hides thy promise from thine ears ;
 Arise and struggle into light,
 Thy great Deliv'rer calls, arise !

3 Shake of the hands of sad despair,
 Sion assert thy liberty ;
 Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
 And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
 Be purg'd from ev'ry sinful stain,
 Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
 Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
 And lead the pompous triumph on ;
 His glory shall bring up the rear,
 And perfect what his grace begun.

CXXXIV.

Public Worship.

- 1 O THAT I could repent!
O, that I could believe!
Thou by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave.
- 2 Thou by thy two-edg'd sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 Saviour and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.
- 4 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound and pour in my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.
- 5 For thine own mercy's sake,
My guilt and sin remove;
And into thy protection take,
The pris'ner of thy love.
- 6 In ev'ry trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul;

And screen me from temptation's pow'r,
 'Till thou hast made me whole.

7 This is thy will, I know
 That I should holy be ;
 Should let my sins this moment go,
 This moment turn to thee.

8 O might I now embrace,
 Thine all sufficient pow'r !
 And never more to sin give place,
 And never grieve thee more.

CXXXV.

Public Worship.

1 WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
 Whom angels dimly see ;
 Will the unsearchable be found,
 Or God appear to me.

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
 Himself to worms impart ?
 Answer thou man, of grief and love,
 And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain,
 Thy wonderful design :
 What meant the suffering Son of Man ?
 The streaming blood divine.

- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
 And live and die below ;
 That I may now perceive him near,
 And my Redeemer know ?
- 5 Come then, and to my soul reveal,
 The heighths and depths of grace ;
 The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
 That dear disfigur'd face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confess'd,
 Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb ;
 And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
 And tell me all thy name.
- 7 Jehovah, in thy person show,
 My Saviour crucify'd !
 And then the pardoning God I know,
 And feel the blood apply'd.
- 8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
 Whom angels dimly see ;
 And gaze transported at the sight,
 To all eternity.

CXXXVI.

Public Worship.

- 1 WHY should the children of a king,
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter descend and bring,
 The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n!
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n.

3 Assure my conscience of her part,
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

CXXXVII.

Public Worship.

1 COME, O thou all, victorious Lord,
Thy pow'r to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin,
Our foolishness to mourn!
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves, and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;

Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

- 4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release ;
Fill ev'ry soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impov'rish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor ;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load ;
Trouble and wash the troubled heart,
In the atoning blood.
- 7 Our desp'rate state of sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiv'n ;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heav'n.

CXXXVIII.

Public Worship.

- 1 **T**HE praying spirit breathe,
The watching pow'r impart ;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts opprest ;
 Appear, and bid me turn again,
 'To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
 'Thine own this moment seize ;
 Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffer'd no more to rove,
 O'er all the earth abroad ;
 Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
 And shut me up in God.

CXXXIX.

Public Worship.

1 **S**HEPHERD divine our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day ;
 To all thy tempted follow'r's give,
 The pow'r to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fi'ry trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear ;
 O let our souls on thee be cast,
 In never ceasing pray'r !

3 The spirit of interceding grace,
 Give us in faith to claim ;

To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 'Till thou thy perfect love impart,
'Till thou thyself bestow ;
Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,
I will not let thee go.

CXL.

Public Worship.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee, I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my pray'r.

2 Give me on thee to wait,
'Till I can all things do ;
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self renouncing will ;
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill.

4 A soul inur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

5 I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye ;
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly.

6 A spirit still prepar'd,
 And arm'd with jealous care ;
 For ever stand on its guard,
 And watching unto pray'r.

CXLI.

Public Worship,

1 **I** WANT a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease ;
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my suff'rings less.

2 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray I want ;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

3 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim ;
 Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
 To thee and thy great name.

4 A jealous, just concern,
 For thine immortal praise ;
 A pure desire, that all may learn,
 And glorify thy grace,

CXLII.

Public Worship.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil ;
 O may it all my pow'rs engage,
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely ;
 Assur'd if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

CXLIII.

Public Worship.

- 1 THE thing my God doth hate,
 That I no more may do ;

Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew.

2 My soul shall then like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean ;
And sanctify'd by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

3 That blessed law of thine.
Jesus to me impart ;
Thy spirit law of life divine,
O write it in my heart !

4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it ne'er remove ;
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity ;
And sweetly ev'ry moment draw,
My happy soul to thee.

6 Soul of my soul remain,
Who didst for all fulfil ;
In me, O Lord, fulfil again,
Thy heav'nly Father's will.

CXLIV.

Public Worship.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free !
 A heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly contrite heart,
 Believing true and clean !
 Which neither life nor death can part,
 From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

CXLV.

Public Worship.

- 1 FOR ever here my rest shall be
 Close to thy bleeding side ;

This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour dy'd.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin;
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clear.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
'Till faith to sight improve;
'Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CXLVI.

Public Worship.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit;
At Jesu's feet, to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet.

2 Rest for my soul, I long to find,
Saviour of all, if mine thou art;
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

- 3 Break off the yoke of in-bred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free ;
 I cannot rest 'till pure within,
 'Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove ;
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,
 My heart from ev'ry sin release ;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay ;
 Appear in my poor heart, appear,
 My God, my Saviour, come away.

CXLVII.

Public Worship.

- 1 **L**E T him to whom we now belong,
 His sov'reign right assert ;
 And take up ev'ry thankful song,
 And ev'ry loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
 Who bought us with a price ;
 The Christian lives to Christ alone,
 To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus thine own at last receive,
 Fulfil our hearts' desire;
 And let us to thy glory live,
 And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign,
 With joy we render thee;
 Our all, no longer ours but thine,
 To all eternity.

CXLVIII.

Public Worship.

- 1 JESUS my truth, my way,
 My sure unerring light;
 On thee my feeble steps I stay,
 Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My wisdom and my guide,
 My counsellor thou art;
 O let me never leave thy side,
 Or from thy path's depart.
- 3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
 Thou gracious bleeding Lamb;
 That I may now enlighten'd be,
 And never put to shame.

CXLI.

Public Worship.

- 1 **S**TILL stir me up to strive
With thee, in strength divine ;
And ev'ry moment, Lord, revive,
This fainting soul of mine.
- 2 Persist to save my soul,
Throughout the fi'ry hour ;
Till I am ev'ry whit made whole,
And shew forth all thy pow'r.
- 3 Thrcugh fire and water bring
Me to the wealthy place ;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace.
- 4 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove ;
Settle, confirm, establish me,
And build me up in love.
- 5 Let me, thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd ;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

CL.

Public Worship.

- 1 **L** O, in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove ;
My Potter, stamp on me thy clay,
Thy only stamp of love.
- 2 Be this my whole desire,
I know that it is thine ;
Then kindle in my soul a fire,
Which shall for ever shine.
- 3 Thy gracious readiness,
To save mankind, assert ;
Thine image love, thy name impress,
Thy nature on my heart.
- 4 Bowels of mercy hear,
Into my soul come down ;
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Christ put on.
- 5 O plant in me thy mind !
O fix in me thy home !
So shall I cry to all mankind,
Come to the waters come.
- 6 Jesus is full of grace,
To all his bowels move ;
Behold in me ye fallen race,
That God is only love.

CLI.

Public Worship.

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joy,
The life of my delight;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss;
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy, the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through.

CLII.

Public Worship.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue,
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment ;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am ;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold the way to God."

CLIII.

Public Worship.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our ~~normal~~ songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

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FINIS.

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